

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1897.

NO. 84.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Our special sale of oriental goods, planned months ago, opens with great promise to-day. It is

Certainly A Beautiful Collection.

And we feel that the people of Lexington and vicinity will appreciate the advantages of this opportunity and

Purchase Freely.

Every make and design, every combination of colors, ranging in price from \$8 to \$110.

Wear Considered.

They are the cheapest rugs made. Look them over. Visitors to the city especially invited.

First Floor Prices in Plain Figures.

READY NOW.

C. F. BROWER & CO.
LEXINGTON, KY.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.
Lv Louisville.....8:30am 6:00pm
Ar Lexington.....11:30am 8:00pm
Lv Lexington.....11:23am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester.....11:58am 9:23pm 9:15am 6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling.....12:25pm 5:30pm 9:30am 7:05pm
Ar Washington.....10:15am 7:05pm
Ar Philadelphia.....10:15am 7:05pm
Ar New York.....12:40pm 9:05pm

WEST BOUND.
Ar Winchester.....7:30am 4:50pm 6:30am 2:30pm
Lv Lexington.....8:00am 5:20pm 7:30am 3:45pm
Ar Frankfort.....9:11am 6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville.....10:01am 7:20pm
Ar Louisville.....11:00am 8:15pm

Trains marked thus + run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.

Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

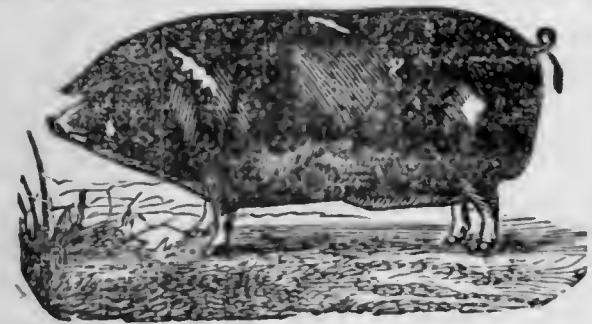
For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on

F. B. CARR,
Agent L. & N. R. R.
or, GEORGE W. BARNEY,
Div. Pass Agent,
Lexington, Ky.

H. A. SMITH,
DENTIST.

Office over G. S. Varden & Co.

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.



Poland China Hogs.
FOR SALE.

One male pig and three gilts of same litter. Eligible to register.

Good individuals, and of best strains of blood—five months old; weight 135 pounds. Call on, or address

GEORGE CLAYTON,

HUTCHISON, KY.

W. O. HINTON, Agent,
Fire, Wind and Storm Insurance.

THE VERY BEST.
OLD, RELIABLE, PROMPT-PAYING.

NON-UNION.

BLUEGRASS NURSERIES
FALL 1897.

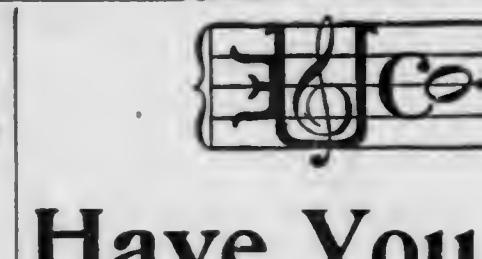
Full stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus, and every thing for Orchard, Lawn and Garden.

We have no Agents, but sell direct to the planter, saving enormous commissions. Catalogue on application to

H. F. HILLENMAYER,
LEXINGTON, KY.

Consider the Quality
In buying your children's School Shoes. New Fall stock now arriving, low prices, but quality good.

RION & CLAY.



**Have You
A Piano?**

Is it a good piano? Would you like to exchange it for a better one?

We Have Pianos,

and if you will answer the above questions we will send you a copy of "Musical Celebrities," a booklet 5x4 inches, 80 pages, containing portraits of thirty-eight famous singers, musicians and composers.

Mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

Ernest Urchs & Co.,
121 and 123 West Fourth Street.
CINCINNATI, O.

**BOURBON FISCAL COURT
ORDER.**

It is ordered that an election be held at the several voting precincts of Bourbon county, at the next regular November election, 1897, to take the sense of the legal voters of said county shall issue bonds not exceeding the sum of \$50,000 for the purchase and maintenance of the turnpike roads in said county free of toll to the traveling public. It is therefore ordered that a poll be opened in each of said voting precincts in said county and the Sheriff of said county is hereby directed to advertise said election and the object thereof for at least thirty days next before the day thereof in some newspaper having the largest circulation in the county and also by printed hand bills posted up at not less than ten public places in each voting precinct in the county and at the Court House door.

ED. D. PATON, C. B. C.

By virtue of the above order I will at the next regular November election, 1897, open a poll at each of the voting places in Bourbon county to take the sense of the legal voters of said county as to whether they will issue bonds not exceeding the sum of \$50,000, for the purchase and maintenance of the turnpike roads in said county free of toll to the traveling public.

E. T. BEEDING, S. B. C.

**A DESIRABLE FARM
At Private Sale!**

A desirable farm, containing

90¹/₂ ACRES,

SITUATED ON THE

CUMMINS & HAWKINS' TURNPIKE, 8 MILES WEST OF PARIS,

is offered at private sale on easy terms.

The farm is in a good state of cultivation; well watered for man or beast even in this dry time; is well improved with new dwelling (six rooms and hall), necessary out buildings, including an excellent frame tobacco barn sufficient to house 14 acres of tobacco; a great abundance of locust timber.

Mr. Jos. H. Hawkins, who lives near the farm, or Mr. Connor, who lives on it, will take pleasure in showing it to purchasers.

TERMS.—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest from date.

J. Q. WARD,
Attorney in fact
(12 Oct.-6 wk)
For E. M. Hildreth.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The Burg.

Robt. Savage spent Sunday in Flemingsburg, with friends.

Mr. Jas. F. Wolums spent Sunday at Maysville, with friends.

Mrs. Dicy Thorn lost her sorrel family horse, this week, from colic.

Mrs. F. M. Hurst went to Lexington, yesterday, to visit relatives.

Sheriff Beeding and family, of Paris, visited relatives here, Sunday.

Frank Bowden, of Paris, was the guest of relatives here, Sunday.

Mr. Jas Dailey, of Lexington, was the guest of friends here, Sunday.

Mr. Tice Hutsell, of Chicago, arrived Saturday, and is the guest of relatives.

Rev. J. R. Laird returned Saturday from attending the Synod at Bardstown.

Sheriff Morris Hook, of Augusta, was the guest of Mr. Jas. A. Butler, Sunday.

Mr. Hanson Peterson, of Cynthiana, visited friends here, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Fritz, of Carlisle, is the guest of Miss Bettie Hamilton, near town.

Mr. Lewis Layson returned Sunday to Detroit, after a week's visit with his parents.

Messrs. H. M. O'Neal and Joe Connell visited lady friends near Carlisle, Sunday.

Mrs. Victor Shipp, of Paris, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. M. Miller, Sunday.

Mr. Jas. F. Summers and son, Jack, went to Flemingsburg, Friday, to visit relatives.

Mrs. Alex Wallingford, of Flemingsburg, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Ed. Hull.

Mr. Chas. Calvert and wife, of Mason, were guests of the McClelland Bros., this week.

Miss Ella Shipp, of Paris, was the guest of Rev. Dan'l Robertson and family, Sunday.

The Torrent excursion Saturday took one hundred and twenty-five persons from this place.

W. G. McClintock went to Mt. Sterling, Saturday to attend Monday's court day sales.

Mrs. W. F. Turner, of near Paris, was the guest of Mr. Ben Jones and family Friday and Saturday.

The M. F. C. is being painted a neat stone color, and is otherwise being substantially improved.

Mrs. C. C. Cook, of Georgetown, was the guest of Misses Mary and Lizzie Taylor, for several days.

Mrs. Joe Grimes and daughter, Miss Mary, went to Louisville and Bardstown, yesterday, to visit relatives.

Miss Gene Layson returned Saturday night from an extended visit with relatives, at Wilmington and Hillsboro, O.

J. H. Fulton will be found at his shop at all times. Clean, quick shave for ten cents; shampoo and hair cut in best style.

County Clerk Ed Paton, of Paris, was here Friday shaking hands and also visited his daughter, Miss Effie, at the M. F. C.

Mr. Frank Cliff, of Maysville, and Mrs. Geo. M. Bascom and child, of Sharpsburg, are guests of Mr. John Peed and family.

Mrs. Ed Robertson and two children, near Augusta, and Miss Maude Spears, of Lexington, are guests of Mr. Jas. A. Butler and family.

Mr. George W. Bain will lecture at the opera-house, for the benefit of the ladies of the Presbyterian Church, Monday night, Oct. 25th.

Evans, the miller, will grind your corn any day, trade you cow feed, or sell you flour as low as any one. He also will saw your lumber. (It)

Miss Sallie Barnett will open her millinery store this week in the Woolworth's residence, near the depot, and will be glad to have her friends call.

Dynamite is popular just now in this section, being used in blasting out ponds, pools and wells, in an attempt to find what is daily getting scarcer.

Messrs. T. Righter and Kirby Denton visited friends here Sunday. Meanwhile their horse wrecked their buggy and left for Paris, taking the shafts with him.

The following delegates of this place are attending the Methodist (Colored) Conference at Louisville: Rev. Sam Mitchell, Rev. Jas. Bell, P. E., and Sodie Miller, all colored.

The Flemingsburg nine will play the Ewing Station nine to-morrow, on the Carlisle grounds. Several players from here will assist. This will be the last game of the series.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.—I, or one of my deputies will be at Millersburg, Monday, October 25, at two o'clock p. m., to collect taxes for the year 1897.

E. T. BEEDING,
Sheriff Bourbon County, Ky.

Messrs. O. W. Rankin and Jas. Hutsell will leave to-day as delegates to the Grand Lodge of Masons, at Louisville. Mr. Hutsell will have a car of horses shipped to him Friday and will go to Alabama.

STOLEN.—From hitch rack at Millersburg, on Saturday night, a black mare, 5-yrs.-old; about 15 hands; two white

feet in front; snip on nose; foretop clipped; mane worn by harness on shoulders. A liberal reward for recovery of mare. Apply to Geo. Stoker, or T. M. Purnell.

LOST.—A black cashmere fringed shawl, on Main street, yesterday morning, from a buggy. Liberal reward for return to T. M. Purnell.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Fever.

Georgetown amateurs will produce the play 'A Box of Monkeys', to-night. * * *

The Czar has made nobles of Jean and Edouard De Reszke, the opera singers.

* * *

Edward Langtry, husband of Lilly Langtry, the actress, died Saturday in an asylum in London.

* * *

Miss Harriett Wellington Glascock gave a Grecian entertainment last night in the Owenton court house.

* * *

"Hogan's Alley," one of the liveliest of farce comedies, will be seen at the opera house on Wednesday evening, the 27th.

* * *

Kisses taken without the consent of the fair lady are quoted at \$8.40 each by a New Albany (Ind.) court. There will be plenty of unkissed kisses in New Albany in future.

* * *

Creston Clarke plays at Macanley's in Louisville this week, appearing in "The Last of His Race," "The Lady of Lyons" and "David Garrick." He made a pronounced hit in Lexington Friday night.

* * *

Three persons were killed and over a score injured in Robinson's opera-house, Cincinnati, during the performance of "Dangers of a Great City" Friday night. The great central truss of the ceiling crashed down among the audience, and it is a miracle that many more were not killed. Of many taken to the hospitals, several will die, while others will be crippled or maimed for life. It is quite a coincidence that "The Dangers of a Great City" was being played, and that "Under the Dome" was the next attraction, and superstitious persons will note that the accident occurred on Friday.

* * *

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MILITARY POSTS.

Assistant Secretary of War Starts Out on a Tour of Inspection.

He Will Visit Fort Crook and the Military Departments of Dakota, Columbia, California and Texas—Col. Robinson Retires—Lieut. Baxter Promoted.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—Assistant Secretary of War Meiklejohn left here Thursday night on a tour of inspection of military posts in the west. Since his appointment early in the spring Mr. Meiklejohn has been on duty without intermission at the war department where he has made a most favorable impression by his courtesy and promptness and energy in the dispatch of public business. The assistant secretary goes direct to St. Louis, where he will inspect the post of Jefferson barracks and visit the site for a rifle range for the Jefferson barracks troops and adjacent posts which has been offered for sale to the department. The next stopping place will be Fort Leavenworth, Kas. Mr. Meiklejohn will visit Omaha, where headquarters of the Department of the Platte are located and will fully inspect Fort Crook near that city. Before his return to Washington he expects to visit also the headquarters of the military department of Dakota, Columbia, California and Texas, and such intermediate army posts and stations en route as can be inspected conveniently within the time limited for his trip, it being the purpose of the assistant secretary to familiarize himself as fully as possible with army life, and some of the more important military matters that come before him for official action. Before returning to the war department, Mr. Meiklejohn intends to visit his home in Nebraska for the purpose of attending to some private affairs that demand his consideration and to cast his vote in the coming election in that state.

On the Retired List.

Col. Augustus G. Robinson, assistant quartermaster general, will be placed on the retired list of the army, on his own application, under the 40 years service clause. He is a native of Maine and was graduated at the military academy in 1853. He was transferred from the artillery branch to the quartermaster's department in 1863 and served throughout the war.

His retirement and the promotions consequent thereon leave a vacancy in the list of captains and assistant quartermasters which was filled Thursday by the appointment of First Lieut. John Baxter, jr., Ninth cavalry.

Long Bicycle Run.

Lieut. H. D. Wise, United States army, started from the east front of the capitol at 5:10 o'clock Thursday morning on a bike for New York. He goes via Baltimore, Wilmington and Philadelphia and hopes to break the record between this city and New York, and reach his destination in 24 hours. He was paced by single riders between here and Philadelphia and between the latter city and New York will be paced by tandem teams of the New York Athletic club.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—United States Consul Smyth, at Cartagena, in a report to the state department says that as a result of the new United States tariff, a most notable increase has followed in the shipment of ivory nuts from that port to the United States. The new tariff on vegetable ivory buttons has caused the crude article to be shipped to the United States instead of to Europe where it was formerly largely manufactured into buttons.

EVANGELINA CISNEROS

Offered a Home by Mrs. Martha M. Purdy, of Kansas.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Evangelina Cisneros, who has just escaped from the narrow walls of a Cuban prison, has been offered a home on the wide prairies of Kansas where the barbed wire fences are the only suggestions of a trocha.

The woman's auxiliary of the Cuban committee met at the home of Mrs. Martha M. Purdy and discussed Cuban affairs, congratulating each other on the escape of Miss Cisneros, in whose interest the society had petitioned the pope and queen of Spain for clemency.

In the midst of the rejoicing Mrs. Purdy announced that she wrote to Miss Cisneros in New York, offering the young refugee a permanent home with her father and mother, Mrs. George M. Munger, in Greenwood county, Kansas. Mr. Munger now lives near Eureka, where he has a large fruit farm.

Mr. Munger lived for a time in Cuba, where he has yet many friends and acquaintances, and he speaks Spanish fluently. He and his wife are much interested in the Cuban question.

Was it Murder or Suicide?

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 15.—Matthew Rogers, a grocer at 136 West Randall street, and Mrs. Ida Wright, his mistress, were found dead in Rogers' house Thursday morning. Both had been shot. The police look upon it as a case of murder and suicide, but Rogers' relatives insist that it was the work of a former admirer of the woman. Her husband is living and is thought to be in West Virginia. The only other person in the house was a daughter of the dead woman, who knew nothing of the tragedy until awakened several hours after it occurred.

Condemned Tea.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 15.—Francis Seeley, government tea inspector, condemned 830 chests of tea which arrived from the Orient on the steamship Monmouthshire. Several days ago he condemned 422 chests consigned to a Chicago firm. The entire lot was found to be old, trashy tea unfit for use.

Gold Found in Wisconsin.

JANESVILLE, Wis., Oct. 15.—Gold has been found in Rock county, within eight miles of Janesville. Two farmers were in the city Thursday with samples of gravel taken from the farm which showed gold in fair quantities.

FIELD'S RESIGNATION

Accepted By President McKinley With Kindly Expressions of Regard.

Justice Field Resigns Because of the Duties of His Office Becoming too Arduous for His Strength—His Judicial Career Covers Many Years of Service.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The following letter was given out Thursday afternoon:

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, | WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 19, 1897. |

Dear Mr. Chief Justice and Brethren:—Near the close of last term, feeling that the duties of my office had become too arduous for my strength, I transmitted my resignation to the president, to take effect on the first day of December next, and this has been accepted, with kindly expressions of regard, as will be seen from a copy of his letter, which is as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, | WASHINGTON, Oct. 19, 1897. |

"HON. STEVEN J. FIELD, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Washington, D. C.—My Dear Sir:—In April last Chief Justice Fuller, accompanied by Mr. Justice Brewer, handed me your resignation as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, to take effect December 1, 1897.

"I hereby accept your resignation, I wish to express my deep regret that you feel compelled by advancing years to sever your active connection with the court of which you have so long been a distinguished member."

"Entering upon your great office May 1863, you have labored for nearly 34 years, seven months and seven days, a term longer than that of any member of the court since its creation, and throughout a period of special importance in the history of the country, occupied with grave public questions as have ever confronted that tribunal for decision.

"I congratulate you therefore most heartily upon a service of such exceptional duration fidelity and distinction. Nor can I overlook the fact that you received your commission from Abraham Lincoln, and graciously spared by a kind Providence, have survived all the members of the court of his appointment.

"Upon your retirement both the bench and the country will sustain a great loss, but the high character and great ability of your work will live and be remembered, not only by your colleagues, but by your grateful fellow-countrymen.

"With personal esteem and sincere best wishes for your contentment and happiness during the period of rest which you have so well earned, I am, dear sir,

"Very truly yours,
"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

My judicial career covers many years of service.

Having been elected a member of the supreme court of California, I assumed that office October 13, 1857, holding it for five years, seven months and five days, the latter part of the time being chief justice.

On the tenth day of March, 1863, I was commissioned by President Lincoln a justice of the supreme court of the United States, taking the oath of office on the twentieth day of the following May.

When my resignation takes effect my period of service on this bench will have exceeded that of any of my predecessors, while my entire judicial life will have embraced more than 40 years. I may be pardoned for saying that during all this period, long in comparison with the history of human institutions, I have never lost sight of the worthiness of a tale that is told, nor have I shamed to declare in every case coming before me for decision the conclusions which my deliberate convictions compelled me to arrive at, by the conscientious exercise of such abilities and requirements as I possessed.

It is a pleasant thing in my memory that my appointment came from President Lincoln, of whose appointees I am the last survivor. Up to that time there had been no representative here of the Pacific coast. A new empire had risen in the west whose laws were those of another country. The land titles were from Spanish and Mexican grants, both of which were often overlaid by the claims of the first settlers. To bring order out of this confusion congress passed an act providing for another seat on this bench, with the intent that it should be filled by some one familiar with these conflicting titles and with the mining laws of the coast, and as it so happened that I had framed the principal of these laws and was, moreover, chief justice of California, it was thought that I would be a suitable representative of that state, as well as those from Oregon, that I should succeed to the new position. At their request Mr. Lincoln sent my name to the senate and the nomination was unanimously confirmed. * * *

At the head of the court when I became one of its members, was the venerable Chief Justice Taney, and among the associate justices was Mr. Justice Wayne, who had sat with Chief Justice Marshal, thus constituting a link between the past and future, and, as it were, binding into unity nearly an entire century of the life of this court.

During my incumbency three chief justices and 10 associate justice have passed away, leaving me precious remembrances of common labors and intimate and agreeable companionship. * * *

The volumes of our reports show that I alone have written 220 opinions. If to these are added 57 opinions of the circuit court and 365 published in the supreme court of California, it will be seen that I have voiced the decision in 1,046 cases.

These many years have indeed been years of labor and of toil, but they have brought their own reward; and we can all join in Thanksgiving to the Author of our being that we have been permitted to spend so much of our lives in the service of our country.

With profound respect and regard, I am, my dear brethren,

Very sincerely and always yours,

STEPHEN J. FIELD.

Following is the court's reply:

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, | WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 19, 1897.

Dear Brother Field:—We are profoundly moved by the letter in which you announce to us your retirement from the bench. The termination of a judicial career of such length and distinction can not fail to inspire among all your countrymen and indeed, wherever the realm of jurisprudence extends, a keen sense of loss which to your colleagues assumes the aspect of a personal bereavement.

For the intimacy necessarily incident to the conduct of work so constant, so exacting, and of such vital importance as ours, inevitably draws us together by ties of the closest character which can not be dissolved without emotions of deep sadness and regret. We feel that our parting involves not simply the depreciation of the assistance afforded by your learning, your vast experience, and your earnestness in advocacy of your convictions, but the severance of those relations which have contributed so much to lighten the hardest labors of the road.

This is not the time or place to dwell on the reputation you have achieved as a jurist. The record is made up and may safely be committed to the judgment of posterity.

But we can not part with you as an active member of the court without the fervent expression of the hope that you may be spared for many years to enjoy the repose you have so thoroughly earned and the commendation befitting on good and faithful service.

For the Conference Was a Failure.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Oct. 15.—The effort to adjust the difference between the coal operators of Kanawha valley and their men has failed absolutely, and President Ratchford left Thursday night for Columbus, disheartened over his failure.

For the Conference Was a Failure.

MONTRÉAL, Oct. 16.—An organization known as the Canadian Independence club, has issued a manifesto which was distributed throughout the city Friday, stating that the time had come for Canada to throw off its connection with England.

For the Conference Was a Failure.

WANTED GREENBACKS EXCHANGED FOR GOLD.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—The Bank of the British North America imported \$500,000 in gold a few days ago, and Friday they sent the gold to the sub-treasury asking for greenbacks in exchange.

The treasury officials declined the proposition.

THEATER DOME

In Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, Falls During a Performance.

Three Persons Instantly Killed and Many Wounded, Some Fatally, in a Panic That Followed—The Play Billed for Next Week Was "Under the Dome."

CINCINNATI, Oct. 16.—At the beginning of the first act of "Dangers of a Great City" at Robinson's opera house, Friday evening, there was a sharp crack in the ceiling of the theater, and a piece of plastering a foot long and three inches wide, fell into the orchestra from the east side. Many of the audience started to their feet, but there was no further intimation of trouble.

At the end of the second act the stage hands were setting the scenes, and little Alice Opie, child specialist, was in front of the curtain doing her act as "Yellow Kid." Suddenly and without further warning, the huge dome of the theater fell with a dead crash onto the chairs, a distance of a hundred feet.

A panic ensued. Women screamed, men groaned and the most frightful scenes were enacted. The little child actress ran behind the curtain, and all lights were extinguished by the breaking of the main electric wire. In five minutes ten patrol wagons and as many fire engines and ladder companies were surrounding the opera house, and a howling mob was rushing about interfering with the work of rescue.

Capt. Conway and his salvage corps, who were first on the scene, seized half a dozen bodies, and not stopping to see whether they were dead or alive, galloped off with them to the hospital.

As fast as the patrol wagons arrived they were filled with limp bodies and rushed to the hospital.

While the excitement was at its height another crash came. It was the entire ceiling tearing away from the rafters and tumbling down upon the mass of struggling humanity below. It sounded like a whirlwind and the noise was heard for a square around. Hundreds rushed to the front of the building on the outside, but were met by the streams of people rushing from the inside and driven back across the street. Many were crushed under foot.

A man named Goldberg, living at 642 Barr street, was carried into the drug store of Al Boehmer at Eighth street and Central avenue. He had a fractured skull and was taken to the city hospital; will die.

Mrs. George Kleeman died at the hospital at 10 p. m. She was the daughter-in-law of Nick Kleeman.

Pearl Hall, of 817 Sycamore street, daughter of carriage-maker on East Ninth street, was badly hurt and taken to the hospital.

Henry Fleck, 602 Broadway, in balcony, and two children have not been heard from. They are not at the hospital.

A daughter of George Otte, of the water works department, is at the hospital, seriously injured.

Samuel Rosenblau, agent 16, of the Working Boys' home, on Sycamore street, was in the gallery. He is at the hospital in a dangerous condition.

The following are in the hospital more or less seriously injured: Delia Algeier and her three children; Mrs. J. and Daisy Fairhead, S. E. Long, Mary Seudder, of Newport, Ky.; Grace Conners, C. J. Weiss, Will Morton, aged 17, Sixth and Broadway, jumped into a pit. Fred Jenkins, aged 26, 1216 Richmond street; T. C. Wiley, Dayton, Ky.; W. J. McCabe, Clint Deal, Jacob Weil, Mary Hess, John White, Amelia Twelfth and Clay streets.

The dead are: An unknown man, Miss Lucy Cohen and Mrs. Geo. Klein.

The show being played was "Dangers of a Great City." The show underlined for next week was "Under the Dome."

The cause of the accident Friday night seems to be easily discovered. Among the first who entered the building after the dome had fallen was President George W. Rapp, of the Cincinnati Chapter American Institute of architects.

"It was not that dome," said he, pointing to the huge heap in the center of the floor, "that caused the trouble. The fault lies with the roof trusses. The house has been built more than 25 years, and the wood has shrunk until the bolts and nails afford the smallest possible security. One of these trusses had rotted away from its fastenings; it has parted and thrown the two sections down, and they in their descent pulled the dome with them. These wood trusses are pine and they shrink very perceptibly in the course of years. They should be examined every five or six years. Modern structures are put up with steel trusses. The roof of this theater is liable to come down any minute."

Friday night's disaster recalls forcibly a more fearful one which took place in the same building in February, 1876. Friday night there was a real cause for the panic and loss of life; then there was no cause whatever except the wickedly foolish cry of fire started when a little spattering hiss came from the calcium light in the upper gallery. The house was packed mostly with women and children to witness an allegory of America given by hundreds of school children.

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WANTED GREENBACKS EXCHANGED FOR GOLD.

DON'T CROWD.

What's the use of all this shovin'? Big folks crowdin' down the small; Wonder why they can't be lovin'—Ain't much difference, after all. Though I'm poor, and you, my brother, Are a solid man of means, Folks can't tell us, from t' other, Through them new X-ray machines. Seems to me that I'd be willin'. When I'd got as easy berth, Other people should be full' Up a little of the earth. I should hate for death to find me Grindin' my existence out—Hoardin' cash to leave behind me For my heirs to fight about.

Makes me think of children playin' Makin' sand-heaps on the beach; Handful onto handful layin', High as ever they can reach,

Till the comin' tide, a-frothin', Sends a big wave toward the land, And that pile just melts to nothin' But a hummock in the sand.

So, my brother, don't be greedy, Kinder help us on our way; Them that's wealthy, them that's needy,

Are the reg'lar kind of clay, And the march of time is swellin', And the years are bringin' round, Rich and poor, common dweller,

Just a hummock in the ground.

—See Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

[Copyright 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Neil's face was pale and a strange light shone in his eyes as he stepped in front of her, barring the way. "You could love me if you would let yourself—I know it!—and you are false to yourself when you turn from me like this," he declared, in a tense tone. "You are making a mountain out of this trouble of the mines, when between you and me it is as nothing. To me, indeed, there is nothing on earth that counts—noting that I value in the least in comparison with your love. If I could have that, the rest would settle itself. I would concede anything—sacrifice anything."

He stopped, looking about with a startled glance, his eyes coming back to her face, which wore a strangely frightened expression. There was a strong smell of burning wood about them, while a dark cloud was streaming up against the blueness of the sky behind the rocks which cut off all below from their view.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. But even as she spoke, there was a deafening explosion, while the sky seemed blackened by a rushing mass riddled with myriads of darker blotches, of which hundreds seemed to be falling all about them, fragments of still burning wood.

Wild with fright, Dorothy had thrown herself into the arms that were instinctively reached out to seize her. "What is it? Oh, what has happened?" she gasped, hiding her eyes shudderingly against his shoulder.

"It is nothing, sweetheart; you are safe," he murmured, his cheek laid caressingly against her soft hair. For the moment it appeared to him indeed that nothing counted against the fact that he was holding her there in his arms unharmed—against the sweet truth that she had come to that shelter of her own impulse; but the man of affairs was quick to awake in him even in all the tremendous joy of feeling that in this unconsidered action she had virtually conceded his heart's desire. "But I must leave you, dearest. You will not mind if I go for a moment to see what it is," he urged, tenderly holding her closer to him for the thought of presently letting her go. "You will wait until I come back?"

"No; I will go with you," she rejoined, her cheeks still pale with fright. "Oh, I must," as his look seemed to dissuade her.

His thoughts had flown at once to the Mascot shafthouse, from his memory of a time when a similar explosion had rent the air to leave him almost penniless.

Could it be that such devilish work had been repeated? She must not come. "No, dear one. Do you not see that, whatever has happened, we should not be seen coming back together?" lie breathlessly argued, knowing that here was something she would surely heed.

"Please, sweetheart," he pleadingly added, as she still hesitated.

"But I must stay here until you come back?" she helplessly questioned, trembling still as she drew away from him.

"Will you surely come back?"

"Surely, if I can. If I do not come—wait ten minutes and then come yourself." So he breathlessly planned, moved to take her again in his arms, impetuously showering kisses upon her, in spite of all the awful possibilities of the moment, mad with joy that she did not repulse him. "Whatever happens, sweetheart," he passionately whispered as he left her, "remember that now you are mine—mine!"

Dorothy waited, nervously pacing back and forth, for a few minutes, trying to think what she had done, what it meant, and to what end it all portended. Did she love him? Had she loved him all the while? And what would her father say? But, unnerved as she was, with the dense cloud of smoke still rising and the confused sound of crashing timbers and hoarse cries continually growing louder, coherent thought was out of the question. Half of the time for which Neil had stipulated had not passed before she could endure the suspense no longer and was hurrying down the hill herself, now filled with alarmed vexation that she had been induced to delay her coming at all, since it needed but a glance in the direction of the fire to tell her that it was the Grubstake buildings which were going. She knew enough of the costly machinery there housed to be appalled at her father's loss; but it did not occur to her to think of the graver menace until she met Harvey Neil coming back to her and somehow comprehended the awful tragedy in his face. She stopped as though turned to stone, staring at him with wild eyes, her lips parted but incapable of uttering any sound.

"You see—it is the Grubstake," he panted, his eyes full of pity and yearning tenderness as he took both her nerveless hands in his. "They say the fire caught in the boiler-house and spread to the shafthouse in an instant. There were powder and giant caps stored there in the back room—that was what we heard. It was criminal of McCready, having such stuff there." He lingered over the broken sentences, warding off the question he knew must come.

"And papa?" she gasped, withdrawing her hands and making as though she would rush on down the hill to see without waiting for his answer.

"It is hoped that they are all right," he reluctantly returned, his eyes entreating her to have hope. "There are men down the shaft; but if the air holds good—it must be all right. There is sure to be time enough to save them."

"They cannot get out?" Her white lips formed the words, but he guessed rather than heard them.

"The steam connections and hoister everything, went to pieces in the explosion," he slowly explained, his voice eloquent of compassion. "It was impossible for anybody to escape after the alarm was given. But as soon as we can get the fire out—Oh, darling, darling, don't look at me like that! Don't think of giving up until we know. The men were working in the levels quite away from the shaft; and the inference is that your father and McCready were with them. There is no reason to believe that they will not be gotten out all right."

"But you do not believe it! I can see in your face that you do not!" she passionately exclaimed, drawing back from him with a look of horror. "He is dead, and you know it! And to think that at the very moment he died I was—Oh, go away from me! I never want to see you again!—never, never! To think that I should have turned against him for you! And he the dearest and best of fathers—always so good to me, so good! It makes me hate you!"

He looked at her with pitying tenderness as at one distraught. "You do not know what you are saying, dear," he murmured, soothingly. "And you must not give up. I would not tell you if it were not true. Your father is probably alive and unharmed. And in a little while he may be with you to laugh at all your fright. Don't give up yet, sweetheart."

"How dare you call me that—you?" she bitterly retorted, her eyes flashing blue fire upon him, her face like stone. "Do you not see that it is a judgment upon me for caring for you, for being untrue to him? Caring for you, did I say? Oh, how could I ever dream of such a thing! To care for you, who brought him here, who were the cause of all this trouble!—you who, if he is dead, have been the cause of his death! I tell you that I hate you—I shall always hate you!"

As she went on in this growing frenzy she had been blindly hurrying down the hill, Neil keeping beside her with watchful eye upon her heedless steps, but now he stopped, his peremptory look bidding her also pause. His face was white and set, his eyes were full of sadness beyond words, but still his tone was very gentle as he said: "You must not come any farther, Dorothy. It is not fit for you." They were now so near the fire that burning bits of wood littered the grass all about them, while the smoke and heat from the well-nigh burnt-out shafthouse made the air stifling oppressive. Crowds of men were hurrying up the hill, many turning curiously to stare at the colonel's daughter. "You must not come farther," Neil said again, gently authoritative. "You can do no good here. I wish you would let me take you down to my cabin."

"To your cabin! no," she implacably returned, glancing away from him as though her eyes loathed the sight of his face. "But I will wait here—if you will go away."

He hesitated, reluctantly regarding her for an instant, but then, with a face as sad as her own, he walked away, to send to her a woman he had discovered among the crowd. It was a Mrs. Morrison, who kept the Mascot boarding-house, a motherly soul, though her appearance always promised ill for the cleanliness of her cookery. Panting with good-humored hurry, she came up the hill to where the girl was standing, a sort of beaming pity upon her round, rosy face.

Dorothy turned upon the intruder with a stony stare; but then, curiously touched by the look of kindly commiseration, her expression changed, her face nervously working in lines of pain as she replied in a strange, choked voice: "But it could not be worse! oh, it could not!"

"Well, now, it might," returned Mrs. Morrison, in cheery argument. "Ireck-on there's never anything so bad that the Lord couldn't 'a' found a way to have it worse if He'd 'a' had a mind. If there'd 'a' been an explosion in the mine 'stead of on top, that would 'a' been enough sight worse. But bein' it's the nature of powder to blow up 'stead of down, why, it jest natchelly stands to reason that them men ain't hurt a nite. Oh, you ain't no call to take on, honey—sue. I'd bet a dollar against a doughnut with anybody that they're all down there as live 'er crickets this minute—jest natchelly swearin' 'n' ram-pagin' round, like enough, because it's gettin' on toward dinner time 'n' them without a bite. That's the man of it, you know. Nawthin' riles 'em quite so much as gettin' left at meal times."

Dorothy looked at her with a sort of dazed bewilderment for an instant, breaking out into wild, hysterical laughter, which almost instantly turned to uncontrollable sobbing. Stirred to quick sympathy beyond any thought of social difference or arm-length ceremonial, the

woman caught her in a warm, motherly embrace, and equally oblivious of the strangeness of such resting-place, the girl hid her face against the ample shoulder with the simple abandonment of a child.

"There, there, honey, that's right. I'll do you good," murmured the woman, understandingly, soothingly patting Dorothy's back, while at the same time bestowing a nod of intelligence upon Harvey Neil, who had rushed up with anxious, pained face, although too discreet to utter a word of his eager sympathy, his wild longing to be of some service to his love. "Women's hearts is like that. When they're full to bustin' nawthin' cases 'em up like a good cry."

Continually the crowd was increasing. A line of willing hands quickly formed to convey water from the Mascot pumps; while mothers, wives and children of the imprisoned miners, surrounded by sympathetic friends, looked on, sobbing and moaning. Hardly any impression seemed to be made on the flames until, after what appeared a long time in the possessing impatience, the extinguisher arrived from camp; and even then, when the fire was conquered, progress was tediously slow. The heavy blackened timbers were hot and difficult to handle, while, for want of space, only a few could work at clearing away the debris which choked the mouth of the shaft.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon that an attempt could be made to enter the mine, and then it was Harvey Neil who came forward, the first to go down. A solemn hush fell upon the crowd as they watched him step into the bucket, while the crude hoisting apparatus, hastily constructed, creakingly passed him out of sight. Everybody knew that if the air below had turned foul, as many held must be the case, another victim might be added to swell the horror of that day; and hardly a whisper broke the stillness until the signal came to bid them draw him back. Then, as he reappeared, a wild cheer broke from lips turned pale, and women sobbed for joy when he told that the air seemed good, which promised well for the men below; but he had found, some forty feet down, fallen timbers so wedged across the shaft that there must be more hard work before the full descent could be made.

The sun was setting when finally the way was clear. Again Neil laid his hand on the side of the bucket, although now there were others who would have gone; but there was that in his manner which gave him the place without discussion; and again the crowd, in awed expectancy, watched him out of sight. He was gone much longer this time; and when at length he returned, the first look at his face told the staring eyes what it was, covered by a

Lange was a very handsome young man and Bismarck was in a happy mood. These two facts distasted Bismarck's answer:

"Because I like your appearance." "But I do not like yours," was Lange's reply.

An animated dialogue followed, Bismarck at first seeking to appease Lange's wrath and Lange trying his best to make trouble. The upshot was that cards were exchanged in order that Lange might wipe out with blood the deadly affront of being stared at by Otto von Bismarck. The seconds arranged that the meeting should take place in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, not far from Biebrich.

Lange was a dead shot with the pistol, and pistols were the weapons to be used in the duel. The young physician could hit the two-mark piece, flipped in the air, nine times out of ten. It looked bad for Bismarck. His seconds undoubtedly felt that he was about the same as a dead man from the moment he stepped into the field, and they labored hard to find a peaceable solution of the quarrel. The English captain, whom Bismarck had made one of his seconds, was especially eager to prevent bloodshed, and he proposed to Lange, at the place of meeting, that the principals talk the quarrel over before risking their lives for such a trivial cause. Lange said eventually that he would do his best to settle the affair without a shot if his opponent would meet him half way. The Englishman hurried to Bismarck with the doctor's offer of the olive branch, but Bismarck would not have it. While the Englishman slowly paced off the distance, stretching his legs to make it as long as possible, the other second argued with Bismarck. Lange leaned against a tree and said nothing. Just as his seconds were expecting the principals to take their places Bismarck yielded. To the surprise of his seconds he did not wait for any preliminary conversation. He walked across the field, stretched out his hand, and remarked:

"Well, we will try to live in peace, then."

Lange shook hands and the quarrel was at an end. On his way home from the field Lange remarked to his seconds:

"It is better that it ended; it would have been too bad to blow daylight through him."

Almost 50 years later Lange celebrated in Heidelberg the jubilee anniversary of his graduation. After he and his friends had reviewed the stirring events of the last half century and the slow welding of divided Germany into one great empire under Bismarck's master hand, the doctor remarked, quaintly:

"It is better that it ended; it would have been too bad to blow daylight through him."—N. Y. Sun.

Herr Letter and His Answer.

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters." Of course she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room and was inclined to think that he would part with it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial. Of course he had offended her in some way, but it is unnecessary to inquire how. The answer to her note came the following day. "I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late day to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering a little over 600, and would request that you return all except your own by express at my expense."—Chicago Post.

Society.

Little Chick—What do you let that ugly little thing come under your wing for?

Old Hen (who had inadvertently hatched a duck's egg)—I can't help it, my dear. We've got to put up with the creature because she belongs to our set, you know.—N. Y. Weekly.

tance, pitying the pain and mortification she could not but see upon his face. "She says as how you hated her father 'n' she mustn't never forget it. Of course she don't rightly sense what she's sayin', 'n' bein' you're a stranger to her 'n' all," the good woman soothingly and in all innocence argued, "mebbe it's natchell she should be prejudiced. Anyhow, she is; there's no blinkin' that, Mr. Neil; 'n' she's so set, I don't believe there would be no manner of use you seemin' her anyhow. I'll take her back to camp 'n' do for her 's much's I can. She don't seem to sense that I belong to the Mascot; but you—why, it's unreasonable, of course, but what you goin' to do about it? I pose her pa's set her up to it, 'n' it's only jest natchel, her feelin' so. You can't blame her."

To BE CONTINUED.

BISMARCK'S NARROW ESCAPE.

His Affair of Honor with a Dead Shot, Who Was Offended by His Stare.

In a little pamphlet regarding the state of the Wiesbadens in Friederichshafen there has appeared a Bismarck anecdote, which shows how near Germany once was to losing in his youth her great unifier. The same anecdote also illustrates how duels are still made in Germany.

Bismarck first visited Wiesbaden two or three years after taking his university degree. He went one evening to the big dance hall in the Kurhaus and, during a pause between dances, sat on a sofa talking with a friend and looking at the persons who walked by. He had a sharp eye and a defiant air, even in his best tempered moods, and several men returned his looks with ill-natured stares. Eventually a young doctor, Gustav Lange, of Heidelberg, walked up to the sofa and, fixing his eyes on Bismarck, inquired:

"Why do you stare at me?"

Now Lange was a very handsome young man and Bismarck was in a happy mood. These two facts distasted Bismarck's answer:

"Because I like your appearance."

"But I do not like yours," was Lange's reply.

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Old Hen (

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

*Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, & *Advertisers and Owners.*
BRUCE MILLER.*

*Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc.,
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ADVERTISING RATES
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion, half rates for each additional insertion.
Locals, one cent per line; advertising notices, ten cents per line; twenty cents per line each insertion.

Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at lines. Ads of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of like nature, ten cents per line.

Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.

Public Speaking.

Hon. James R. Hindman, National Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, will speak at the court house Tuesday afternoon.

Hon. John W. Yerkes, of Danville, brother of Mayor W. L. Yerkes, will speak at the court house on Oct. 25.

Hon. W. M. Dickerson is announced to speak at the court house on the 30th.

Judge H. C. Howard will speak at the court-house in this city, on Friday, Oct. 29, at seven o'clock p. m.

Supplemental Registration.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 25th, 26th and 27th, are the days fixed by law for supplemental registration. At this registration only those who were necessarily absent from the city or were sick on regular registration day can register.

The citizens of Woodford, Scott and Jessamine will give a grand barbecue Saturday in Viley's woods, near Midway. Among the noted speakers expected to be present are Hon. John G. Carlisle, Hon. Josiah Patterson, Senator Wm. Lindsay, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge and Judge Yost. Saxon's band will furnish music for the occasion.

FOR the consideration of \$500 Mr. Bryan has "consented" to speak at a county fair in Arkansas. Mr. Bryan is quite the rage as a county fair attraction. He will doubtless secure the silver nomination for President in 1900, but he will never be President. The people do not want a side-show attraction for a Chief Executive.

A SILVER Democrat at Lexington made a spectacle out of himself Wednesday night by interrupting Hon. Josiah Patterson's speech. Some people will never learn that the man who interrupts a speaker—he be the preacher, political orator or a patent medicine fakir—always gets the worst of the argument.

W. J. BRYAN has offered a large sum of money to Ewing College, at Benton, Ills., to be known as the Mary Elizabeth Bryan fund, in compliment to his mother. The income is to be used annually during commencement week in cash prizes for the best essays on the science of government.

SAM SHACKLEFORD, the dumb silver candidate has spoken. He said: "Boys, I want you all to vote for me." This is better, anyhow, than a lot of silver bosh and Chicago platform ravings.

POOR old Kentucky, Ohio, Maryland, and New York have quarantined against Bryan, Bailey, Towne and other silver orators, and Kentucky has to stand 'em all—to say nothing of local talent.

HON. J. W. TOWNE, a free silver Republican from Duluth, has been imported to make silver speeches in Kentucky for the silver Democrats. Silver, silver, silver, is the issue.

NEW YORKERS are betting \$1,000 to \$700 on Van Wyck, the Tammany candidate for Mayor.

THE negroes have nominated candidates for county offices in Jessamine.

To the Voters of Bourbon County.

HAVING received the nomination in the Republican County Convention for County Clerk of Bourbon county, I take this method to ask the support of all my friends. I pledge myself to a conscientious and faithful discharge of official duties, if elected in November.

Respectfully,
(tf) Wm. M. GOODLUE.

THE CHEAPEST place to buy lumber, shingles, etc., is at the old yard of Tarr & Templin, near the L. & N. freight depot. BOURBON LUMBER CO., (tf) By T. H. TARR, Manager.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,

DR.

PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Democratic Public Speaking.

THE following is a list of dates announced last night by the Democratic Campaign Committee, at which public speaking will be held:

Little Rock, Thursday, Oct. 21, at two p. m.—Speakers—Wm. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, Denis Dundon, Russell Mann, J. M. Thomas.

Clintonville, Friday, Oct. 22, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, C. M. Thomas, Harmon Stitt.

North Middleton, Saturday, Oct. 23, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, John S. Smith, E. M. Dickson, R. C. Talbot, T. E. Moore, Jr., Harmon Stitt.

Hutchison, Wednesday, Oct. 27, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, C. M. McVey, C. M. Thomas, S. B. Rogers.

Ruddles Mills, Thursday, Oct. 28th, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, C. M. Thomas, Harmon Stitt.

Centerville, Friday, Oct. 29, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, Denis Dundon, C. Arnsparger.

Millersburg, Saturday, Oct. 30, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, C. M. Thomas, E. M. Dickson.

Paris, Nov. 1st, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, E. M. Dickson, T. E. Ashbrook, W. H. McMillan, James McClure, J. M. Thomas.

Paris, Monday, Nov. 1st, at 7:30 p. m.—C. M. Thomas, Russell Mann.

[Communicated.]

The Mission of Democracy and the Democratic Party.

CIVIL government was established to protect both life and liberty.

Democracy is the friend of social order because it seeks to cure social evils. It is the enemy of anarchy and violence because it seeks wisely and prudently to eradicate the wrongs that lie at the root of popular discontent. It is not hostile to wealth, but it is hostile to plunder and it is jealous, as it should be, of inordinate power and of the growth of an oligarchy in a democratic republic.

There must be such a party in this country if it is to remain free. Representative Democracy is the foundation of our political philosophy—the voice of the people, the divinity of popular rights; and it has at all times the elements of all needed reform.

Our revolutionary fathers revolted and would not submit to be governed by a monarchy; and would not submit to unjust taxation even upon tea.

What is the situation to-day? We see this country ruled by trusts for the trusts and by the trusts and everything wrapped up in the coils of a trust. Statistics proved that this year cattle were several million short and the lambs confidently expected from five to five and a half cents for their fat cattle.

What was the result? It was not supply and demand. The powers met in Chicago presided over by Lord Armour and the dictum went forth that \$4.50 should be the highest price and the farmers were compelled to submit.

They would have hampered wheat back to thirty cents per bushel had it not been due to a widespread failure of the crops abroad amounting to almost a famine in the large country of India. All the products of the earth can be cornered under a high protective tariff and a single gold standard. R-store binetism and a tariff for revenue only and the trusts cannot live.

The single gold standard has been the direct cause of the financial distress that has fallen upon our people since its adoption; and the highest gold standard authorities admit that it has been a period of almost unexampled depression and disturbance of trade and industry with falling prices for nearly all the products of human labor including land since demonetization in 1873.

If the people of this country cling to the gold standard they must accept the rule of the trusts which means increased wealth to the very wealthy and increased poverty and degradation for the toiling masses.

A recent article written by Thomas G. Sherman shows that 9,000 persons in this country are worth an aggregate of twenty-four billions of dollars and that 20,000 own more than half the wealth of the whole country while 75,000,000 are supposed to own the other half.

We believe in honest money, the gold and the silver money of the constitution, and the coinage of both metals without discrimination against either into standard dollars of final payment and redemption. It is the legal endowment that gives money its value and not the commercial price of the bullion.

The material in a hundred-dollar green back is worth probably the fourth of a cent and it is worth five twenty-dollar gold pieces the world over.

We believe in a tariff so adjusted as not to foster monopolies and breed trusts and to favor the few at the expense of the many and that would equalize differences and the general welfare of the American people.

We would then have a government of the people, for the people and by the people, and not a government of the trust for the trust as represented by Mark Hanna, Phil Armour and Co.

H. M.
"BLENHEIM",
Oct 18th, 1897.

L. & N. Reduced Rates.

LOUISVILLE Driving Fair Association, Oct. 18 to 28 L. & N. will sell round trip tickets at one fare, on 17 and 18th, limited 29th. Special rates for trains arriving at Louisville on morning of 22d. Also, 26th, limited 27th.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

Cool nights call for comforts and I have them—just the kind you want—some heavier than others—and at different prices. They are well made and worth the price. J. T. HINTON.

Cow feed, for sale at
HIBLER & CO.'S
SPEARS & STUART.
(28sp-3w)

Of Druggists at \$1.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Write for book containing testimonials and valuable information for all Mothers, free.

The Bradfords Register Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers of Stock, Crop, Etc.

Turf Notes.

Corn sold at two dollars per barrel in Bourbon last week.

Horace Miller bought seventeen weanling mules last week from Nicholas parties.

Bourbon parties sold tobacco as follows last week in Cincinnati: J. W. Thomas, Jr., Paris, three hds. at an average of \$11.50, and four at \$13.08. Carpenter & Jefferson, Millersburg, five hds. at \$14.10, and A. C. Ball five at \$10.35.

Sparks from a locomotive started fires yesterday which burned 500 acres of grass and burned or killed 200 fine forest trees for J. C. Caldwell, near Danville. Fires are also raging in the knolls south of Danville and if the drought continues great damage will be done to property.

CASH buyers can get double value today, at
(tf) DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.

Chronic Dyspepsia Cured.



AFTER suffering for nearly thirty years from dyspepsia, Mrs. H. E. Dugdale, wife of a prominent business man of Warsaw, N. Y., writes: "For 23 years, I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and a weak stomach. The lightest food produced distress, causing severe pain and the formation of gas. No matter how careful of my diet I suffered agonizing pain after eating. I was treated by many physicians and tried numerous remedies without permanent help. Two years ago I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and Nervine. Within a week I commenced improving, and persisting in the treatment I was soon able to eat what I liked, with no evil effects. Keep them at hand and a single dose dispels all old symptoms."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We do not use a bank's name without authority. If you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Skin Diseases. 100 days' treatment costs 1c a day. A slight draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.

MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

J. P. KIELY,

617 Main st., Paris, Ky.

AGENTS FOR
W.L.DOUGLAS SHOES
BEST IN THE WORLD.

PATENTS U.S. AND FOREIGN PROCURED.

EUGENE W. JOHNSON,
SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY IN PATENT CAUSES.

1729 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.
Office established 1868. Charges moderate.
Correspondence Requested.
(2mar-1jan98)

Mules For Sale.

Twenty-four cotton mules 14½ to 15½ fat and plump.

BENNETT TARR.

Also, 30 sugar mules, from 15 to 16 hands high.

WM. TARR.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of Chas. R. Turner are requested to present them to me at my office in Paris, Ky., properly proven as required by law. Those knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to settle promptly and save costs of suit.

HARMON STITT,
(20sp) Assignee.

ARE YOU WILLING?

to run the risk of annoyance and discomfort certain to be found in all ready-made clothing, to save a dollar or two on the price? Isn't it better to pay a shade more and get exactly what you want? Here you can select not only the cloth and pattern but have the style you prefer, the pockets of the kind and number you like and generally get what you order. In ready-made clothing you have to take what you can get.

Cleaning and Pressing a Specialty.

LAVIN & HUKILL.

Yesterday's Temperature.

The following is the temperature as noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co., of this city:

| | |
|----------|----|
| 7 a. m. | 50 |
| 8 a. m. | 54 |
| 9 p. m. | 58 |
| 10 a. m. | 61 |
| 11 a. m. | 64 |
| 12 m. | 67 |
| 2 p. m. | 76 |
| 3 p. m. | 78 |
| 4 p. m. | 75 |
| 5 p. m. | 71 |
| 7 p. m. | 66 |

MEN who like a cool, quick, quiet and easy shave should patronize Crawford Bros.' barber shop. Clean, first-class bath rooms are connected with the shop. Satisfactory service at all times. (tf)

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.
[Payable in Advance.]
One year.....\$2.00 | Six months.....\$1.00

NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

I, or one of my deputies will be at the places named below at the hours specified, to collect taxes for the year 1897:

Ruddles Mills, Oct. 21, from 9 to 12 a.m.

Centerville, Oct. 21, at 2 p.m.

Hutchison, Oct. 22, at 2 p.m.

Little Rock, Oct. 22, from 9 to 12 a.m.

North Middletown receipts at bank.

Clintonville, Oct. 25, from 9 to 12 a.m.

Millersburg, Oct. 25, at 2 o'clock p.m.

E. T. BEEDING.

Sheriff Bourbon County, Ky.

REV. DR. VARDEN, of this city, preached Sunday at the Broadway Christian Church in Lexington.

MRS. FOSTER, who has been conducting a boarding house in the Griffith property, has moved to Lexington.

BULBS.—Chinese Lillies, Hyacinths and Tulips; also choice cut Roses. W. M. GOODLOE.

LOST.—Black and white fox terrier, with black across hips. Reward for information, or return to Frank Bowden, Paris, Ky.

REV. NORMAN B. WOOD will give his illustrated lecture, "The Real Negro, a Bondman, a Freedman and a Free-man," at Antioch Church, Saturday evening at 7:30.

F. FUGAZZI, the up-to-date confectioner and caterer, yesterday received a fine line of Lowney's famous chocolate bon bons—in all size packages. They are exceedingly dainty and toothsome. Try a box.

ONE night last week thieves stole a 200-lb. hog from Mr. Wm. Tarr, and skinned it and left its hide on Mr. Tarr's farm. Last year they stole two hogs from him and left the hog skins as evidence of their visit.

THE public cistern on the court house square, which has furnished water to several hundred people, is dry. The water has not been pure for some time and it is probably a fortunate thing that the cistern has been pumped dry.

JOHNSON LAMB, colored, charged with attempting to rape Lilly Turney, a fourteen year-old colored girl, of Middlesboro, had his examining trial Saturday in Squire Lilleston's court. Lamb was held in \$300 bond for trial by the Circuit Court.

ON account of the Kentucky Midland Medical Association meeting at Cynthiana Thursday, the F. & C. (Kentucky Midland) No 1 will run forty minutes ahead of time from Georgetown to Paris to make connection with L & N.

How long have you been coughing—a day, a week, a month or a year? Dr. Belle's Pine Tar Honey will cure that cough. There can be no doubt of it, because it has cured many others equally severe. Every one should investigate the merits of this great remedy.

NGAH WILLIAMS, who has served a term in the penitentiary for obtaining goods under false pretenses, being sent up from Bourbon, has been arrested at Cynthiana for highway robbery. He drew a knife on Simon Friedrich, held him up and relieved him of fifteen cents. Friedrich had the balance of his money concealed in his shoes.

FRANK SNYDER, of Louisville, well known in Paris, being the husband of Miss Lula Martin, has resigned as Secretary of the Kentucky and Tennessee Board of Underwriters at a salary of \$3,000 per year, and has been appointed special agent for the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company for Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas, with headquarters at Louisville. The position is a promotion for Mr. Snyder.

Bourbon Club Meeting.

The members of the Bourbon Dancing Club are requested to meet to-night at 7:30 at the Windsor Hotel.

L. SPEARS, Pres.

Dr. Catlett Wins Again.

TURNEY BROS.' good three-year-old colt, Dr. Catlett won the Belle Meade Stakes Saturday at Morris Park, near New York. The race was worth \$1,200 to the winner.

Great Musical Festival At Lexington.

One of the finest concerts ever heard in Kentucky will be that given by the famous orchestra leader, Anton Seidl, (who has just returned from a most successful season in London and on the European continent) at the Lexington Opera House on Tuesday evening October 26th. Mr. Seidl is the premier director of Grand Opera and Grand Orchestral concerts in this country to-day. Every member of his grand orchestra is a musician of international reputation and several of them have been members of Royal Court Orchestras in Europe. Mr. Seidl's Orchestra is accompanied by Mme. Julia Rive King, soloist. Manager Scott has arranged for special trains at greatly reduced rates for this occasion. All orders by mail or telegraph for seats addressed to Manager Scott at Lexington, or Mr. Geo. D. Mitchell at Paris will receive prompt attention.

Gun Club Tournament.

GEORGE WILLIAMS CLAY, of this city, attended the Kentucky Gun Club tournament at Louisville Friday and Saturday, and did some excellent shooting. Friday he tied three contestants—Jake Gay, Roger Smith and W. A. Fawcett—in a match at fifteen live birds, each making a perfect score. The purse of \$65, was divided. Saturday Mr. Clay killed 21 out of 25 birds in the contest for the State Championship, which was won by Sam Hutchings, of Louisville, who killed 25 birds. The prize was \$210 and a silver cup. Bland Ballard, Louisville, Nath Woodcock, Danville, and A. W. DuBray, of Dayton, O., tied Hutchings, but lost in shooting off the tie. Hutchings killed forty birds straight to win the championship.

Will McNamara's New Enterprise.

WILL McNAMARA (Prof. John Douglass,) of this city, who was several times buried alive by Boone, the hypnotist, and who afterwards performed the feat successfully with another hypnotized subject, has organized a new enterprise known as "The Gypsy Maids." The company, which will be headed by "Rosella, the Wandering Gypsy Queen," will give theatrical performances. The company will be managed by Prof. Douglass, and backed financially by a Cincinnati man. The Pettibone Co., of Cincinnati, is making the costumes. The company will start soon for Seattle, and will go from there to Alaska. Prof. Douglass will act as correspondent for the Cincinnati Post while in Alaska.

For Woman's Eyes.

THE woman's edition of the Mt. Sterling Advocate, which appears Friday, will be an excellent paper, filled with excellent articles on variety of subjects. This edition should prove interesting to the large number of Paris ladies who are members of literary clubs as it will give them the best work of their Mt. Sterling friends. The paper will be on sale at Varden's drug store.

Public Speaking To-day.

HON. J. R. HINDMAN, National Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, will address the citizens of Bourbon county at the court house this afternoon at two o'clock. Mr. Hindman is a gifted gentleman and one of Kentucky's best citizens. He should be greeted by a large audience.

Attendance at Paris High School.

PROF. E. W. WEAVER has furnished THE NEWS with the following comparative statement of the attendance at the Paris High School (white). It will be noticed that there is a large increase in both the enrollment and average attendance.

Sept.'94 Sp.'95 Sp.'96 Sp.'97
No. enrolled.....292 323 399 427
Ave. belonging.....292 316 395 414
Ave. attendance.....250 288 365 394

Successful Excursions.

THE Cynthiana Military Band's excursion to Natural Bridge Friday was a great success. The train was composed of eight packed coaches.

The excursion ran Saturday by the Carlisle Christian Church to Natural Bridge and Torrent had eleven well-filled coaches.

Card From Dr. Creason.

I have decided to continue the practice of medicine in Centerville precinct. Those who favor me with their patronage will receive the very best of my ability and attention as a physician.

Respectfully,

J. A. CREASON, M. D.

LOST.—On yesterday, a feather collar between the residence of Mrs. Ev. Rogers and the cemetery. Finder will please return same to THE NEWS office and receive reward.

(2t)

FOR RENT.—Desirable brick cottage, five rooms, good cellar and other improvements—on South Main street. For particulars apply to

J. T. HINTON.

(tf) TURNERY BROS.' good three-year-old colt, Dr. Catlett won the Belle Meade Stakes Saturday at Morris Park, near New York. The race was worth \$1,200 to the winner.

Dr. Catlett Wins Again.

THE NORTHWESTERN is carrying nearly \$1,000,000 insurance on the lives of Bourbon County's representative citizens. Call on R. P. Dow, Jr., or W. S. DeLong, for particulars.

(tf)

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mr. John N. Davis was in Cincinnati, Sunday.

—Capt. J. R. Rogers is in Louisville on a business trip.

—Miss Nannie Roberts is visiting friends in Cynthiana.

—Mrs. Mattie McCarney is visiting relatives in Lexington.

—Mr. John Feeney spent Sunday with relatives in Richmond.

—Miss Carrie Butler is visiting the Miss Bain, in Lexington.

—Mrs. Lee Price and son visited relatives in Louisville last week.

—Mr. Harold Johnson, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting friends in the city.

—Mr. Joe Brooks and Dr. Addams, of Cynthiana, spent Sunday in the city.

—Mrs. W. W. Massie is spending a few days with friends in Covington.

—Miss Grace Swearengen is spending a few days with friends in Lexington.

—Miss Tommie Hornsey, of Lexington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ernest Frazier

—Mr. Will Blakemore returned yesterday to Chicago after a visit to friends in Paris

—Council Wilson and Miss Ida May Frazier, of Lexington, visited friends in the city Sunday.

—Mrs. Lillie Gentry Lee, of Palmyra, Mo., is the handsome guest of Mrs. John James, on Main Street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Calvert and daughter, of Covington, are visiting relatives in and near the city.

—Miss Margaret Prewitt, of Lexington, is visiting her sister, Miss Mary Prewitt, at Mr. J. W. Harmon's.

—Miss Mary Talbott spent Saturday in Lexington with her sister, Miss Anne Lee Talbott, who is attending Hamilton College.

—Miss June Jameson left yesterday for Terre Haute, Ind., to attend college. She will board with her sister, Mrs. Palmer Graham.

—Mr. S. E. Tipton and daughters, Miss Tipton and Mrs. D. C. Parrish, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Tipton, in Lexington, Saturday and Sunday.

—Mrs. Ernest Richey, of New Paris, O., who was formerly Miss Bessie Breedon, of this city, arrived here Saturday for a visit to friends and relatives.

—Mr. James Withers, of Cynthiana, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis Sunday. Mr. Withers' health is much benefited from a recent stay at Mt. Clemens, Mich.

—The hundreds of friends of genial Henry Saxton, of Lexington, will regret to hear that his wife is dangerously ill in Lexington, but trust that her improvement and recovery will be rapid.

—The Danville Advocate says: Miss Hazelrigg, of Frankfort, Miss Margaret Woodford, of Mt. Sterling, and Miss Elizabeth Spears and Miss Bessie Woodford, of Paris, will arrive Friday to visit Miss Elizabeth Van Meter.

—Miss Lottie Lee Kenney, of Russell Cave, Miss Sadie Kenney, of Kansas City, and Miss Mary Kerr, of Fayette, are guests at Mr. Matthew Kenney's, near Paris. Miss Mary Prewitt, of Lexington, is expected to join the party in a few days.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Col. John L. Lozan, a noted rationalist, of Nicholasville, died last week from liver trouble and the excessive use of cigarettes.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York Sun, died Sunday afternoon at his country place, near Glen Cove, L. I., of cirrhosis of the liver. Mr. Dana has been ill since June 10 last. He was seventy-eight years of age. See picture and dispatch on second page.

Patrick Winn, aged about eighty, who has been living on Mr. Catesby Woodford's farm, died Saturday night. He is survived by a wife and several grown children. His funeral was conducted yesterday morning at eight o'clock at the Catholic Church by Rev. Edward Burke. Burial at the Catholic cemetery.

James Wornall aged sixty-six died of fever at Lair Sunday. Mr. Wornall was an ex-Bourbon and leaves a wife nee Sophia Edwards, sister of Mrs. Belle Hutchison and the late Ossian Edwards. Funeral this afternoon at two o'clock at Cynthiana. The active pall-bearers are Ossian Edwards, T. J. Wornall, T. J. Megibben, T. S. Riley, Frank Chandler, J. T. Lail, Wm. Ballenger, Dr. J. T. Ware.

DON'T let your grocer give you any but roller-mill meal.

HIBLER & CO.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solemnizations Of The Marriage Vows.

Marriage seems to be a failure at Paducah. There 125 divorce suits on the docket there.

The marriage of Mr. John Lair, of Lair, and Miss Meek Moore, a pretty young lady of Cynthiana, will occur early in November.

Coleman Gentry, of Lexington, and Miss Letitia Lucas, of Newtown, will be married Thursday afternoon at two o'clock at the Newtown Christian Church.

The marriage of Miss Ellen Hart Talbott and Mr. Wm. W. Atwill, of Kansas City, will occur in that city on the 27th. Miss Talbott is a Kentucky girl, being a daughter of Mr. Dudley Talbott, formerly of this city, and a niece of Messrs. Hart and W. G. Talbott, of this city. Mr. Atwill is a son of Bishop Edwin Atwill, of Kansas City.

HIBLER & CO.

BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

The Prince of Wales acted as sponsor for the Marlborough-Vanderbilt baby in London last week.

Near Paris Saturday to the wife of James Thompson, nee Miss Tillie Ferguson, a son—James William Ferguson Thompson.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Principal Bell has forbidden football at the Harrodsburg High School.

Gov. Bradley has refused to pardon ex-Bank Cashier Shipp, at Midway.

Water was sold for fifty cents per barrel in Franklin county this month.

Mrs. A. G. Browning, of Maysville, is one of the heirs of an estate valued at \$40,000.

A well dressed white infant was abandoned at a negro home in Richmond Saturday.

Thieves stole \$3,000 from the bank at Morganfield while the president and cashier were at dinner.

A nervous thief at Georgetown sold some stolen chickens to their former owner, who had not missed them.

—Mrs. Ernest Richey, of New Paris, O., who was formerly Miss Bessie Breedon, of this city, arrived here Saturday for a visit to friends and relatives.

—Mr. James Withers, of Cynthiana, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis Sunday. Mr. Withers' health is much benefited from a recent stay at Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Howard Crockett, of Wilmore, was fatally shot by his own pistol. The shooting is said to have been accidental.

Mrs. Jeff Coffee, of Madison, eloped to Indian Territory with her cousin, Wm. Johnson, leaving a husband and three daughters nearl grown.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was robbed of \$190 by pickpockets in Richmond Saturday night while helping some ladies on a street car at a Wild West show.

Ex-Cashier Shipp, of Midway, was taken to the Frankfort penitentiary Saturday. He is said to have aged rapidly since his conviction, and is in a feeble condition.

In Georgia Sunday Sam Jones celebrated his fiftieth birth-day with a big dinner which was attended by fifty guests. Sam is now old enough to know how to preach without being vulgar.

County Judge Bullock, of Lexington, was arrested Saturday and held to

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners
BRUCE MILLER

THE DOME OF PICTURES.

In a little house keep I pictures suspended;
It is not a fixed house,
It is round, it is only a few inches from one side to the other;
Yet behold, it has room for all the shows of the world, all the memories!
Here the tableaux of life and here the groupings of death.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Ah, each man bears his Dome of Dreams—
A picture dome
Whereon are painted homely cares,
Defeats and triumphs and despairs;
A gallery thronged with wider themes
Than those of Rome.

The pictures of this Dome of Dreams
Are memories.
Young Barefoot wandering through the dewy
Through daisied fields when life was new,
By woodland paths, by lilled streams
And blossomed trees.

The picture of a maid at school
With floating hair;
Transfigured in the mist is she
On that dim shore of memory,
Life's dewiness about her, cool
And pure and fair.

The picture of a road that leads
From an old home;
A boy that from a wooded swell
Looks through his tears and waves fare
well—
Then down through unknown hills and
meads
Afar to roam.

The picture of the long, long way
He traveled far,
Fair fruited hillsides slanting south,
Baked herbs upland smit with drought,
And night paths with no gleam of day—
Without a star.

And pictures of wide-sleeping valles
And storm-tossed waves;
Or valleys bathed in noonday peace,
Or sheltered harbors of release,
Blue inlets speckled with sunlit sails:
Or open graves.

And pictures of fair islands set
In golden founts;
And pictures of black wrecks upcast
On barren coasts by many a blast—
But on! Life paints more pictures yet
Upon that dome.

—Sam Walter Foss, in N. Y. Sun.

PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

MILDRED'S pretty face wore a new expression as she toyed with her teaspoon and tried to finish her roll and coffee. John had just left for his office. They had been married three months, and the serious aspects of life were for the first time presenting themselves.

"I wish I could do something to help John," thought Mildred, as she gazed abstractedly out of the window. "He has to work so hard," and she gave a little sigh.

"What can I do?" she pondered. "What can I do?" she asked herself again and again, as with deft touch she straightened and arranged the dainty apartment.

Suddenly her face looked as if a door had opened and flooded it with sunlight.

"I know what I will do; I will write a story. I know I can if I try. People do not have to be so awfully clever to do that. It is a knack, not a talent. There is Mrs. —, who has made heaps of money; and her stories are only poor trash—all of them. John says so."

Before another hour had passed the outline of a plot was dancing in her excited young brain, and as soon as she could get the time she sat down with pad and sharpened pencil. Then came a pause. "How shall I begin?"

She drew little geometric figures on the margin of her paper as she reflected, her thoughts seeming to revolve in a circle, returning ever to the place from whence they started. Finally she wrote:

"In a small village on the banks of—" "Oh, that is so commonplace. No; that will not do." And she tore off the first sheet of her pad and reflected again, then wrote:

"Frank Atwood was the only son of a—"

"No, no; that is too stupid," and the second sheet of the pad went into the waste-paper basket.

She recalled what John had said of the superfluous first three pages, which might with benefit to most stories be eliminated—for John was a journalist and literary critic, and his standards and ideals were just on the measure of her own. So she thought with great deference of what he had said about tedious preambles.

"He is right," she said, with decision. "It is the personal interest in the characters which we are looking for in reading a story. All that comes before that is tedious superfluity."

"I will dash right on with a letter from the heroine, which will at once explain the situation." So with the confidence which came from feeling herself at last on the right track, she wrote:

"Dear Frank—I return herewith the letters, which of course I have now no right to keep. I need not tell you what it cost me."

"I have reflected much upon what you said yesterday, but I am at last resolved. I will not see you again. Any attempt to make me break this resolve will be fruitless. God knows you have only yourself to blame that this marriage has—"

"Please, ma'am," said the cook, coming suddenly in upon the young authoress. "Please, ma'am, the butcher is here. Will you come and see him and give the order yourself about havin' them chops french or whatever it is."

"Oh, what a bore!" sighed Mildred. "I was just getting into the swing of it." And she left the manuscript upon her desk to be resumed later.

The matter of the chops disposed of, there were other things requiring attention.

At last, however, she was at her desk again. She read over the letter with which her story opened to see how it sounded. "Really," said she, "I think

that starts off very well," and then she took up the broken thread. "Only yourself to blame that this marriage has—A violent ringing at the telephone again broke the current. "Hallo," said our young novelist.

"Mildred, is that you?"

"Yes. Mamma does not feel very well and wishes you to take luncheon with us. She has sent the carriage. Be ready to come as soon as it arrives." Obviously no more authorship to-day. So slipping her paper into the desk she departed.

The new purpose of authorship brought great light and hope into Mildred's life. She pictured to herself his reading her story, possibly reviewing it. "After he has written all kinds of nice things about it will tell him that I am the author;" or—and her heart turned cold and sick—what if he should say it was trash? For, of course, like other good critics, John was seldom pleased. If things were all excellent, what would be the need of critics? So he had cultivated the art of discovering flaws in what seemed to ordinary readers pure gems. He had developed rather a talent for pillorying people in a single terse phrase, and was much valued for his skill in beating down with the editorial club tender young aspirants who were trying to make themselves heard. This sounds brutal. But he was only professionally brutal. In his personal characteristics none could be more tender or sympathetic.

Mildred knew of this caustic vein and believed it too—as she did also of John's attributes and gifts—"but," she thought, "if he should say any of those dreadful things about me, what should I do? I should never—never—tell him." And so during the entire day she thought and planned, new intricacies of plot suggesting themselves—vivid and interesting scenes coming before her stimulated imagination.

Her mother urged her remaining and sending for her husband to dine with them. Her secret desire was to return, but she looked at her mother's wistful face and had not the heart to refuse. She would stay and send for John.

That gentleman arrived at home at the usual hour. As he put his latchkey into the door he smiled, thinking of the quick ear which was listening for it, and of the pretty apparition which would meet him in the hall. "By Jove," he thought, "what a lucky fellow I am!" But the expected figure did not come to meet him. He was conscious of a little chill of disappointment, and still more as he wandered through the rooms and found all silent and deserted.

He rang for the maid. "Where is your mistress?" "She is out, sir. There's a note, sir, somewhere," and she looked anxiously about. "Oh, it is on her desk," said she with returning memory, starting to go for it.

"No matter, I will get it," and John turned his impatient steps toward his wife's room. There was no note on the desk, and quite naturally he opened the lid. His eyes were riveted upon the words before him:

"Dear Frank—I return herewith the letters which I have no longer any right to keep. I need not tell you what it costs me—"

He felt touched, and oh, how he longed to take her to his heart; but that could never be again.

"Will you first explain to me," he answered, trying to be hard and cold; "explain to me where you were yesterday?"

"Certainly he is mad," she thought, and she tried to be very calm.

"Ah, yes," he went on. "You can look very innocent, but, woman, look at that!" and with tragic gesture he held up the paper.

Mildred looked at it bewildered; then she read: "Dear Frank—A gleam of light first came into her face, and gradually deepened into an expression of interest and amusement. She understood it all.

John looked to see her crushed, despairing and penitent; and instead he witnessed this unaccustomed, this extraordinary change, and laughter-peal after peal of silver laughter—rang through the rooms. She tried to speak, but could not.

John in his turn began to think that she was mad. At last, with tears running down her cheeks, not from grief this time, she said:

"Oh, you dear silly—silly thing! Oh, you dear goose—that's my story—and I was going to surprise you—and bring you ever—ever so much money—and now you have gone—and spoiled"—and here she began to cry in earnest. "And—you—have—said—such—cruel—cruel—cruel!"

Her sobs, together with John's great unfolding arms, stifled the rest. "Oh, my angel, my angel, I have been such a brute. Can you ever forgive me?"—N. Y. Graphic.

standing, and you need not trouble yourself."

"Why, John," said she, "have you lost your senses?"

"No; on the contrary, I have recovered them, I am no longer a dupe. I was fool enough to think you—"

"John, for God's sake tell me what this means!"

"Oh, Mildred! Mildred!" said he, breaking down utterly. "Why did you not tell me like an honest woman that you loved some one else?"

"John, you know, I—"

"Stop!" said he. "Stop! do not stain your soul with any more falsehood."

"You need not have married me," went on the wretched man. "God knows I wish you had not."

She tried to put her arms about him as he panted and strode in rapid strides, but he pushed her away angrily. "No, no more of that. That has lost its charm."

Mildred burst into tears.

"I never—would—have—believed—you would—be—so—so—cruel," sobbed she. "What have I done?"

"Done?" shouted the exasperated man. "done? Why, you have spoiled the life of an honest man, who doted on you, believed in you—like a trusting fool—who would have risked his life on your honesty..."

"Stop," said Mildred, and she gathered herself up to a fuller height than John's eyes had ever before beheld in her. She, too, was angry now.

"If you have any charges to make I demand that they be definite and not in base innuendo. You are very cruel and also very insulting to me. I shall not remain in this house to-night; nor return to it until you have apologized." And she swept from the room and from John's astonished sight.

A moment later he heard the messenger call, then heard his wife give an order for a cab, then saw her packing a handbag. He intended doing so himself. But somehow having her do them was infinitely harder to bear.

Mildred was very angry. "Not a thing of this," she said to herself as she stripped off her rings and gathered her trinkets. "My purse, too," she thought, and went to the desk to find it. Her husband had been watching for this. He knew she would try to secure that letter.

"Oh," said he, "you are a little too late. You should have thought of that before."

These, to her, unmeaning words, uttered with much concentrated bitterness, made her seriously doubt his sanity. She looked at him curiously. How else could she construe this incomprehensible fury? she pursued. The thought had calmed her resentment. She went to his side, placed her hand kindly on his arm. "My dear John," said she, "will you explain to me what all this means?"

He felt touched, and oh, how he longed to take her to his heart; but that could never be again.

"Will you first explain to me," he answered, trying to be hard and cold; "explain to me where you were yesterday?"

"Certainly he is mad," she thought, and she tried to be very calm.

"Ah, yes," he went on. "You can look very innocent, but, woman, look at that!" and with tragic gesture he held up the paper.

Mildred looked at it bewildered; then she read: "Dear Frank—A gleam of light first came into her face, and gradually deepened into an expression of interest and amusement. She understood it all.

John looked to see her crushed, despairing and penitent; and instead he witnessed this unaccustomed, this extraordinary change, and laughter-peal after peal of silver laughter—rang through the rooms. She tried to speak, but could not.

John in his turn began to think that she was mad. At last, with tears running down her cheeks, not from grief this time, she said:

"Oh, you dear silly—silly thing! Oh, you dear goose—that's my story—and I was going to surprise you—and bring you ever—ever so much money—and now you have gone—and spoiled"—and here she began to cry in earnest. "And—you—have—said—such—cruel—cruel—cruel!"

Her sobs, together with John's great unfolding arms, stifled the rest. "Oh, my angel, my angel, I have been such a brute. Can you ever forgive me?"—N. Y. Graphic.

WHY SOLDIERS WERE TOO SHORT

Prince Bismarck Mystified by Criticism of German Troops.

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland a Dutch officer of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin and among other spectacles got up to amuse him a review was organized at Potsdam.

The situation was shocking. How could he reply?—but—there was no time for reflection. He knew that the central office would share all his confidences through that infernal piece of black walnut and ebony. So he said:

"Yes."

"Why do you not come? Dinner is waiting for you."

How well he knew the pretty inflections of that voice!

"I wish no dinner—I am going away—good-by."

It might have been the conventional telephonic "good-by," or it might contain a profounder meaning.

The effect at the other end of the line cannot be described. Ten minutes later a cab drove furiously up to the door of the apartment house, and Mildred, with white face and fast-beating heart, rushed into the room, and would have rushed into John's arms if he had let her.

"You are going away," she said, breathlessly.

"You are a very clever actress," said John, what's the—"

"A very clever actress," said he, quite as if she had not spoken, "but hereafter we will have a more perfect under-

FIREPROOF WOOD FOR SHIPS.

Some of the Advantages and Disadvantages Incident to Its Use.

Noninflammable wood, or fireproof wood, as it is commonly spoken of outside of the circle of experts, has received considerable attention from naval constructors and naval engineers since the Yalu river fight in the China-Japan war, and more especially at the recent international congress of naval architects and marine engineers at London, and from the naval authorities of the United States and Japan. The chief of the bureau of ordnance of the United States navy recently made some tests of fireproof wood for the purpose of reporting upon its value for use in making boxes for fixed ammunition. His report declares that the wood, by being treated with the chemicals used in the fireproof process, lost considerable strength and was difficult to work; that it also corroded, a piece of brass placed between two pieces of it, absorbed moisture to a marked extent and refused to receive paint. This report resulted in instructions by Secretary Long to the board of bureaus chiefs to make a thorough investigation of the use of fireproof wood, and the result is predicted that the government will find it advisable to cancel contracts that have been made for fitting vessels under construction with wood thus treated.

The board of bureaus chiefs has received several reports already. The Columbian iron works at Baltimore reports that five coats of paint were tried on a single section of fireproof wood, and it refused to receive any of them. Of the superintending constructors at the various naval stations one report declares that the tools employed in working the wood have been badly corroded by the chemicals used in the fireproofing treatment. Another makes a report upon the corrosive effect upon the steel and iron in the ship. It is also reported that the wood is exceedingly porous and is apt to make the decks of a ship spongey. An article recently appeared in an English service paper written by an expert in which the writer describes the decks of the armored cruiser Brooklyn as of noninflammable wood, and he contrasted their appearance disadvantageously with those of the British men-of-war. He also predicted that the decks would not wear well and was generally uncomplimentary to noninflammable wood.

Prof. Biles, the well-known English expert, has corrected this statement by declaring the decks of the Brooklyn are not of noninflammable wood, but that they are "thoroughly sound and thoroughly durable" and in every respect up to the mark. The decks of the Brooklyn are of Oregon pine. The gunboat Helena is fitted with a deck made of fireproof wood, and the board of bureaus chiefs is to make a close inspection of the material and its effect upon the ship and report upon the advisability of its use in the future. The only large vessel in the navy the decks of which are built with the fireproof wood is the battleship Iowa.

The subject of noninflammable wood was discussed at much length by the international congress of naval architects and marine engineers. Charles E. Ellis, describing the process of making wood noncombustible, said that it increased the weight from eight to fifteen per cent., and that the arguments for its use rested upon two grounds only—i.e., because it is noninflammable and because, by reason of its low conductivity of heat, it may be employed in substitution for material of greater conductive power. Others spoke favorably of the material. Its chief drawbacks were represented to be its weight and cost. Prof. Biles suggested that the effect of weather on the wood might be nullified if the decks were washed with a solution of the chemicals used in the fireproofing process. The system is really an American invention, and so much discussion was given: the subject by the congress that the British admiralty has ordered a series of experiments to be made at the Chatham dockyard in order to obtain additional and valuable information of the advantages or disadvantages of the fireproof wood.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Archaeological Thief.

It would seem that French thieves and housebreakers, when searching for art treasures, are more or less affected by the genius of their spoils. Recently an enterprising but undiscovered personage managed to effect an entry into the Maison Carrée, at Nîmes, and to carry off the famous Goudard collection of over 8,000 Roman coins. Instead of rushing off with them to the melting pot, he seems to have wandered about the other interesting reliques of antiquity, for which the old provincial city is famous; and, after some hesitation, selected the immediate neighborhood of the Tourmagne—that still unexplained enigma of the past—for a hiding place.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

INTELLIGENT EFFORT.

It Counts as Much as Money in the Improvement of Roads.

The farmer should be particularly interested in having good roads, first because he is usually taxed heavily to maintain them—as real estate cannot escape taxation—and secondly for the reason that he has occasion to use them to a greater or less extent in the prosecution of his business. And the last may often outweigh the first in dollars and cents, when it is taken into consideration the moving of heavy loads for a considerable distance over poor roads.

Here is a view of the case that should not be lost sight of. It is not those alone who drive for pleasure or business over our highways that should ask for or demand their improved condition. This is for their interest and convenience, it is true, and rightly too,



ROAD NEAR SWIFTWATER, N. H.
(A District Sadly in Need of a Good Road Supervisor.)

but the farmer who has to move his produce to market or place of shipment, or in the daily prosecution of his work needs to use the road, gains or loses in this direction in accordance with their good or bad condition.

Good roads in such cases mean the saving of time, the greater durability of vehicles and the wear of teams.

Now the farmer, to say nothing of the others, can afford to pay a fair or liberal road tax provided he is assured that it will be so expended as to result in a corresponding improved condition of the roads.

Nothing will go so far toward reconciling farmers or others to the paying of what they might term a large highway tax, as to find that it is being faithfully expended, and above all that a certain amount is devoted to improvements of a permanent character each year. This is evidence that cannot be overlooked or refuted, but is an ever present fact, a monument to the skill and faithfulness of the intelligent road-maker. We want just all of this kind of work that can practically be devoted to the purpose.

Here in Vermont one-fifth of the tax for roads is to be put into improvements, of a permanent character. This is largely used in cutting down and lengthening the grade of hills, or in the building of stone or macadamized roads. What little of this kind of work that has been done since the new road law went into effect has proven so satisfactory that it makes us wish that the good work could have been commenced many years ago, then we should now have something worth while to show for the expenditure of so much money.

Here where stone is plenty and not too far away it costs from four to five dollars a rod to build a good road, something that should last many years, only requiring a little attention in keeping the ditches open and the covering in order.

Taking the worst pieces of road first, it will soon be found that commendable progress is being made, as these places were always requiring attention and never long in a satisfactory condition.

Good drainage for roads should be sought for, as this is of the first importance. The ditches should be placed well back from the roadbed, so as to prevent undermining or gullying.

Hills should be carefully looked after and the grade made as easy as possible. The surface of the road should be somewhat rounded, so that the water may readily pass off at the sides, rather than run along on the wheel tracks, washing away the dirt and forming holes and gullies. The surface should also be kept clear of small stones that are always so troublesome. Passing over the roads once a month for this purpose should be more generally practiced.

Small repairs should always be attended to in season, as in this way large expense can often be saved.

It will pay to go two miles, if it can't be obtained nearer, to get gravel with which to fill bad places in roads.

In parts of the country where stone is scarce and gravel can be had, good roads can be made by using this material plentifully on the surface. Of course this means that the roadbed is first put in good condition for the gravel. This method is used to some extent at the west, and even here in the east where stone abounds, gravel, where it can be conveniently obtained, is much prized.

It is possible that in the future portable stone-crushing machines will be largely used in road making in the country, by means of which this plentiful material can be put to some useful purposes.

Above all things, it should be the purpose to get the best men possible for the work of road supervision, and having obtained them keep them until others equally good or better can be found to take their places.

In this way, going slowly it may be but surely forward in the right direction, the time will not be far distant when a great improvement in our highways will be apparent all over our land.—E. R. Towle, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

The United States has not many over 50 sheep for every 100 of population, while Australia has 3,000 to every 100 of population.

CURING KICKING COWS.

An Ounce of Kindness Is Worth a Pound of Pounding.

Much of the trouble caused by kicking cows is caused by bad management on the part of the milker. In our experience there is not one cow in a dozen but which, if kindly treated, will soon dispense with the habit of kicking without severe measures being necessary. It pays to be gentle and quiet in handling the cows, and to let them know that you are their friend and will not harm them. They will soon learn to respect you if you will treat them kindly. It is all well enough for a cow to know and understand that the one who does the milking is the "business manager," but kick for the good reason that the milking process hurts them, says a writer in the National Stockman. There are also occasionally cows that kick from pure meanness. However, these make excellent beef.

The gentle Jerseys are fast taking the place of other breeds on the farm, and the ones we have are real pets, as gentle, quiet and well behaved as need be. We never have any trouble in milking them, but often milk them for the first time in the yard, without even fastening them, though we are well aware that the Jersey has plenty of mettle, any amount of it, when conditions are favorable for its development. Let the dog chase the cows to and from the pasture, and this mettle will soon be apparent, as will be the decrease in the yield of milk.

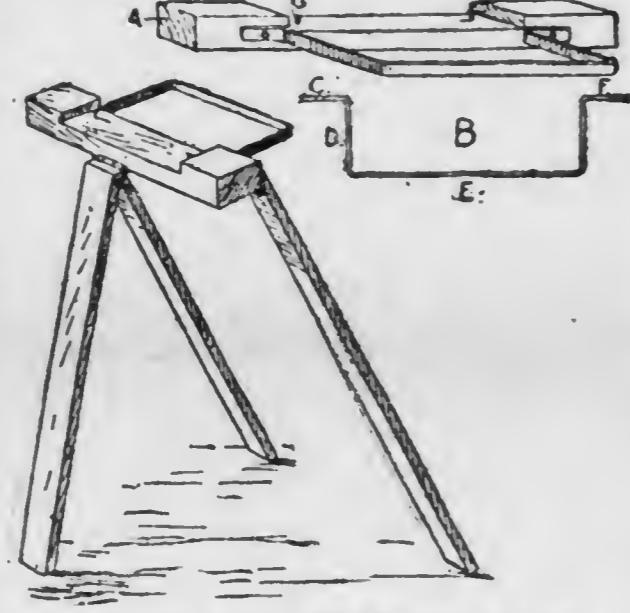
There is another item in regard to breaking cows to lead. A cow that is kindly treated can usually be caught in the pasture by placing your arm about her neck. If caught in this way they will seldom make any effort to get away. Place a five-ring halter on the cow, as this does not hurt like a rope around the horns or the neck, and most cows will lead easily with a five-ring halter. A good motto for dairymen to put in their hats is this: An ounce of kindness is worth a pound of pounding.

HANDY BAG HOLDER.

The Cut Explains How It Is Made and Put Together.

A correspondent of the Canadian Farmers' Advocate furnishes the following description of a handy bag-holder. The illustration will enable anyone to understand it:

"Take a piece 27 inches long, and from the middle of it cut a piece 15 inches long and one inch deep. Then take a piece of band iron 33 inches long and bend it as shown at B, making C three inches long, D six inches, and E 15 inches long. Make a couple of holes at C and F so that loop may be



DEVICE FOR HOLDING BAGS.

fastened to A by means of screw nails. This loop projects out in front of A. The back leg is a slot three feet long and three inches wide, and is fastened to A by means of a hinge. The other two legs are each about 3 1/3 feet long and are attached to the headpiece (A) at an angle of about 45 degrees. This will make it stand firm. In the cut in A, and about two inches from each end, screw a couple of screw nails (G and H), leaving about half an inch protruding. To fasten on the bag, double one side over the iron loop and hook the other side on the screw nails, then move back the slot until the bottom of the bag rests on the floor."

GOOD GARDEN SOIL.

It Is One in Which the Atmosphere Can Circulate Freely.

What is or what is not good garden soil is often a great question. The customer often complains to the nurserymen that, though he planted his trees in the very best soil, yet he had little success. Very few people seem to understand that good soil is one in which the atmosphere can freely circulate. The earth must not allow the air to circulate to such an extent as to lose its moisture, but it must have an abundance of small spaces which will contain small quantities of air before plants will thrive. We sometimes speak of "air glands," but, in truth, all plants are air plants, no matter whether growing on rocks or trees or whether growing in the earth. Air is of far more consequence to the roots than to the leaves. When, therefore, we have a stiff clay earth to deal with, we make a good soil by applying sand, or vegetable matter which when it rots will leave small spaces in which air may be collected.

It is for the same reason that we crush hard cloths, for a hard cloth has no air spaces. When broken to pieces—pulverizing is the technical term—we simply give the chance for atmospheric air to spread throughout the whole mass. For the same reason, what is known as a wet soil is a bad soil, because water drives out the air. There is no air in earth which is water-tight. It has been noted that the use of a hole in the bottom of a flower pot is not so much to allow the escape of water as it is to permit fresher air to flow in the spaces of earth when the water leaves it. In the language of gardening, a good soil is one which is perfectly aerated.—Mechanics' Monthly.

Trying to Deceive Her.

Horton—How is it that you always put on such a long face and talk so discouragingly when your wife happens to be present? And at other times you are the most enthusiastic and prosperous boomer I know of?

Henley—I promised her away back last spring that I'd get her a new sealskin sacque this fall, if business picked up.—Cleveland Leader.

All through the winter the apples should be frequently examined so as to remove any that are rotting.

When the leaves of the gooseberry, grape or currant fall, cuttings can be made from the new growth.

A CHILD'S RECOVERY

From Paralysis and Six Years of Convulsions.

Little Fannie Adams, of Umatilla, Cured of a Dreadful Malady—A Reporter Investigates.

From the Lake Region, Eustis, Fla.

For some time past the Lake Region has been receiving reports from Umatilla, Fla., of an almost miraculous cure that had been effected in the case of Fannie Adams, a daughter of A. J. Adams, of that place, and last Saturday a representative of this paper made a trip to Umatilla for the purpose of determining the authenticity of the same.

The family live a short distance from the village, where it was found that the people were cognizant of the cure which had been effected, and were rejoicing with the family in their new found happiness. The father, A. J. Adams, is a tall, well-knit man, 50 years of age, from Tennessee, and the family came to Florida four years ago in the hope that a change of climate would be of benefit to their afflicted child. Much of their earnings have gone for doctors' bills, whose services proved unavailing. The representation was greeted by Mrs. Adams, from whom we gained the story of her great trial.

Fannie, the youngest child, was born in east Tennessee, and was seven years old on the third day of February, 1897. When ten months old she was strucken with paralysis, which affected the entire left side. This stroke of paralysis was followed by convulsions, and from the time little Fannie was three months old until February, 1897, there was not a single day or a night that she did not have spasms of the most distressing nature. Not a single convolution, but always three or four, and sometimes as high as ten in one day.

The family was all broken down with care, and Mrs. Adams states that for one year she did not go into her kitchen to superintend her household work. All the fingers of the right hand of the little girl are enlarged and misshapen, caused by her biting them during the fearful suffering. The case baffled the skill of the best physicians, and they were frank to say that they could not determine the cause, or prescribe a remedy to aid the afflicted child.

But what a change now in that household; for little Fannie has recently been released from her six years of agony, which brings the joy and happiness to the faces of the parents.

In January of this year, Mrs. Adams, who had purchased some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for her daughter, determined to try their effect upon little Fannie. After three or four doses, she noted an improvement, and she then told the father what she had done. He at once went to the village and bought another box, and up to this time six boxes have been used. The first pills, Mrs. Adams states were given in January, the latter part, and certainly not earlier than the fifteenth or twentieth, and the child had her last convolution on February 3d, nearly three months ago. Her general condition has improved in every way, and it was not a month after the last pills were taken when she began to walk without assistance.

The pills were bought at the drug store of Dr. Shelton, in Umatilla. In reply to the question, did he, to his personal knowledge, know that the remedy had benefited Fannie Adams, as was stated by her parents, the doctor said that he was a regular practicing physician, and as such was loth to recommend any proprietary medicine, but still he was ready to do justice to all men, and he did know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had benefited Fannie Adams, and also volunteered the information that he knew of that child in the village who had been benefited by their use.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give a life and richness to the blood and restore strength and nervousness. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness.

They build up the blood, and restore the glow of youth to pale and sallow cheeks.

In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

HER SCOLDING LOCKS.

She Tried to Oblige a Friend But She Got Angry About It.

Some people are absolutely devoid of tact. One of these is a youthful matron who, wishing to make her very dearest friend—another young matron—a birthday present, shelled out the purchase of a handsome pair of shell side combs.

Nothing could have been more appropriate for the blonde tresses of her friend, and the giver felt much pleased with her selection when she went to call on her and give her the pretty ornaments.

"I thought you would like them," she said, when her friend had admired them and thanked her rapturously, "you will find them so handy to fasten up your scolding locks."

"What do you mean?" asked her friend, in a surprised tone.

"Did you never hear of scolding locks? They are the short ends of your hair that are always flying loose. They bother one so much, but side combs keep them in order, besides being very becoming ornaments."

"You think I have scolding locks—then I must be a scold. Thanks, awfully dear, but I don't believe I need any comb. Keep them for your own scolding outfit," and the face of the "dearest friend" clouded with anger.

"Very well, just as you like. Good-by, dear, and the donor of the combs scolded them up and carried them home, where she had a fit of hysterics. And all because she needed a little tact.—Chicago Times-Herald.

How to Make Tea.

More than half the Tea consumed in the United States and Canada is of Japanese growth, yet, the majority of Americans apparently do not understand how to prepare it so as to develop the delicious qualities which it contains. The Japanese government has appropriated a large fund to aid the Japanese Tea growers and Tea merchants in prosecuting this educational work, and it is hoped that American ladies will be apt students. The main Bureau of the Japanese Tea Guild has issued an official recipe for making Japanese Tea, the translation of which is as follows:

First.—Use a small, dry and thoroughly clean porcelain teapot.

Second.—Put in one teaspoonful of tea leaves for each cup of tea desired.

Third.—When using Japanese tea, pour on the required quantity of freshly boiled water, and let stand with closed lid from 2 to 3 minutes. Never boil the leaves. In order to retain the natural flavor, Japanese tea leaves should be kept in tight can or jar free from moisture.

Note.—To thoroughly enjoy the natural, delicate and sweet flavor of Japanese Tea, neither sugar nor cream should be used.

It is possible that in the future portable stone-crushing machines will be largely used in road making in the country, by means of which this plentiful material can be put to some useful purposes.

Above all things, it should be the purpose to get the best men possible for the work of road supervision, and having obtained them keep them until others equally good or better can be found to take their places.

In this way, going slowly it may be but surely forward in the right direction, the time will not be far distant when a great improvement in our highways will be apparent all over our land.—E. R. Towle, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

The United States has not many over 50 sheep for every 100 of population, while Australia has 3,000 to every 100 of population.

Every Saturday Tourist Sleeping Cars Route to California.

Every Saturday night Midland Route tourist cars en route to Colorado, Utah and California will leave the Chicago Union Passenger Station of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at 10 o'clock, running over the Chicago and Omaha Short Line to Omaha, thence via Lincoln, Neb., Colorado Springs and Leadville, Colo., Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, Reno, Nevada, and Sacramento, Cal., arriving at San Francisco at 8:45 p. m. Wednesday.

These popular every Saturday California excursions for both first and second-class passengers (not foreign emigrants) are personally conducted by intelligent, competent and courteous "conductors" who will attend to the wants of all passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service and will be greatly appreciated by families or parties of friends traveling together, or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children who usually get weary on a long journey.

Remember that the Midland Route Tourist Cars are sleeping cars and are supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the sleeping berth rate is but \$6.00 (for two persons).

Ask for the latest ticket agent for a tourist "holder" or writing complete information about the Midland Route, or address "Eastern Manager Midland Route," No. 93 Adams street, Chicago, Ill., or Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, 10 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

A MATTER OF FASHION.

Doctor—Madam, your husband has paralytic fits.

Wife—Oh, doctor, I'm delighted! I thought it was nervous prostration, and that's so common, you know.—Boston Traveler.

There is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 3¢ a cup. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

NOT SURPRISING.

Forrester—How time does fly.

Lancaster—I don't blame it. Think how many people there are trying to kill it.—Harlem Life.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

SELF-EVIDENT.

Miss Courtwright—What do you think of a man who will marry a woman for money?

Mr. Spooner—All I can say is that such a fellow must be hard up.—Cleveland Leader.

Inherited Blood Taint.

Here is a case of inherited blood taint which resulted in what threatened to be a complete wreck of an innocent young life. The most serious feature of being afflicted with a blood disease is the fact that innocent posterity must suffer. The man or woman with the slightest taint in the blood forces the undesirable legacy of impurity upon their children whose veins flow with the impure inheritance which handicaps them in the race of life.

No child who has a trace of bad blood can be healthy or strong, and those predisposed to Scrofula are liable to a great deal of sickness, because their constitutions are weak and cannot withstand the many dangers which beset the path of childhood. Medical statistics show that a majority of lung troubles result directly from Scrofula, so that a child afflicted with this disease is likely to fall a victim to dreaded consumption.

Mr. W. A. Clayton, of Addie, N. C., believes S.S.S. is the only blood remedy which can have any effect whatever upon obstinate cases. He says:

"My three-year-old boy had the worst case of Scrofula I ever heard of. He



MR. W. A. CLAYTON.

was given many blood remedies without relief, and treated by the best doctors. He seemed to get worse all the while; however, and the disease finally resulted in curvature of the spine, making him utterly helpless.

The bad sores on his neck increased in size, and were a source of constant pain. He was in this pitiful condition for two years, when some one recommended S.S.S., stating that it had cured some of the worst cases of blood diseases. As soon as his system was under the effect of the medicine, the sores began to get better, and in eight days were completely healed. Before long he could walk on crutches, and was improving every day. In three months he threw aside his crutches, for he had no further use for them; the dreadful disease had been eliminated entirely from his system, and he was restored to perfect health. The cure was a permanent one, as no sign of the disease has returned for ten years."

S.S.S. is a real blood remedy, and promptly reaches all deep-seated and obstinate blood diseases, it matters not what other treatment has failed. It is the only remedy which acts on the correct principle of forcing the disease from the system and getting rid of it permanently.

S. S. S. is a sure cure for Scrofula, Cancer, Catarrh, Eczema, Rheumatism, Tetter, and all other blood diseases. It is

Purely Vegetable

and is the only remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other harmful mineral.

Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of H. Margolen are requested to present them at once properly proved as required by law to the undersigned, in Paris, Ky. Those knowing themselves indebted to H. Margolen are requested to pay promptly and thereby avoid court cost.

LOUIS SALOSHIN,
Attorney.
(11mv)

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of T. H. Tarr are hereby notified to present same at once, properly proved as required by law to the undersigned, in Paris, Ky. All may be based on law.

F. E. ASH BROOK,
Assignee of T. H. Tarr.
(22je)

"B & FOUR"

ROUTE
BEST LINE TO AND FROM

TOLEDO & DETROIT.
All Points in Michigan.

CHICAGO
The City Sp.
B. Terminal

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Be sure you tickets to
FOUR."

O. MCGOWAN,
Traffic M.

O. B. MARIN
Gen. Pas

CINCINNATI,

HERMIT OF ANTRIM.

AN EDUCATED MAN'S SOLITARY EXISTENCE IN IRISH CAVES.

There is a Mystery About Him, and No One Can Tell Whence He Came—His Food Consists of Potatoes Only, but He Cooks Them Before Eating.

There are portions of the north of Ireland where nature assumes a grand and wild aspect. On the coast of Antrim there is no armistice in the furious battle that, since the first ages of the terrestrial globe, was engaged between the waves and the rocks. Columns of basalt, like gigantic sentinels, stand on guard to resist the invasion of the ocean, and the profound excavations made under the granite rocks that protect this portion of the soil of La Verte Erin prove that the waves must have frequently made most vigorous onslaughts and only retired after they had mined a land which they could not conquer.

It is not difficult to imagine that this majestic and desolate site should have seduced one of the vanquished ones in life, one who had absolutely decided to separate himself from the society of man. The real hermits are becoming more and more rare—indeed, it was believed that they had completely disappeared—but if a vocation for that singularly abandoned profession could still be felt by any one it might be in the presence of the marvelous spectacle of that sea whose waves never subside, of those grottos whose pillars and vaults possess a power which the art of the architect can never equal. Nature herself seems to have created in those rocks a refuge for the shipwrecked, for the proscribed and perhaps also for those who despise the vanities of life.

About ten years ago a mysterious individual made his home in the grottos of the coast of Antrim. The approach of any human being seemed to inspire him with an invincible repugnance. As soon as the cavern in which he had selected for his refuge was discovered by the fishermen of the neighborhood he immediately disappeared and took up his quarters 20 or 30 kilometers farther on in another retreat which appeared more inaccessible. For a few months his domicile was in an old abandoned mine, the principal gallery of which advanced under the ground to the distance of about five kilometers, but as the inhabitants of the nearest village had long before carried away the beams that sustained the vault to convert them into firewood the hermit was obliged to quit that dangerous refuge, where he was constantly exposed to the danger of being buried alive. So he installed himself in a grotto, the access to which was more easily discovered, but it was less obscure, less humid and less liable to cave in. There he flattered himself that he would find at least some of the conditions of existence that belonged to the men of the caverns. But it was in vain that he hoped to return to the life of the first ages of prehistoric humanity. He was obliged to pay tribute to the exigencies of civilization and to manifest less repugnance for all contact with his fellow beings.

One day he found an empty barrel that the tempest had tossed upon the shore, and he could not resist the temptation of bringing it home to serve as a bed. Some indiscreet persons, taking advantage of his absence to visit his apartments, discovered that he had a pot for cooking his food. Where did that cooking utensil come from? Was it also a piece of wreckage rolled up upon the sand by the furious waves, or was it the last souvenir of civilized life carried away by the anchorite who, while endeavoring to return to the conditions of existence that belonged to prehistoric times, could not abandon the habit of cooking his food?

That is a question which has never been answered, and it is also impossible to find out where he gets the potatoes upon which he lives. Did they come from the discreet charity of the poor fishermen of the neighborhood, who at the proper time renewed his provisions, or in separating himself from the world did he make arrangements for the transportation of his modest provisions? That is also a mystery which has never been fathomed. One point, however, is certain, and that is that the hermit determined to live upon potatoes alone. One day a sailor offered him half of his dinner. The hermit pretended to be glad to accept the gift, but he never touched the food. In the absence of the kind hearted sailor he tossed it into the sea. Apparently he also vowed that he would never enter house and never touch a piece of money. He kept his resolutions. Nothing could ever induce him to cross the threshold of any one of the little houses of the fishermen, who began to have a sort of affection for him, and never once was he known to beg. The only liberality that he would accept and that he solicited from the munificence of strangers was a match to light the firewood gathered for cooking his potatoes.

The Rev. J. H. Bernard endeavored to lift the veil that hid the origin and antecedents of this mysterious personage. The man of the caverns of Antrim endures in vain to live the life of a savage. It has been recognized by more than one sign that he has received a good education. From time to time he reads to the fishermen some passages from the Bible, but he never comments upon them. There is no evidence going to show that the man has any particular form of insanity beyond, perhaps, the harmless one of the love of solitude. He is always alone and never appears and seen to be sound and vigorous in body. He speaks with an accent, so that it is impossible to determine in which came his speech. He is seldom seen, but he doesn't look sick. On the contrary, he has resigned himself perfectly to his lot. Who he is, we know not. Such an ordinary life.

Stockport, England, boasts one of the largest Sunday schools in the world. The total number of scholars at present on the books is no fewer than 4,834, while there are 238 male and 195 female teachers—a grand army of over 6,000.

THE OLD FLYBOOK.

It Is Dearer to the Angler Than Any Other Possession.

Is there anything closer to an angler's heart than his flybook? I know of a case where a burglar, among other things, took a flybook. He was arrested and speedily convicted and imprisoned. He cleared things out pretty well in the house, but the owner seemed to care for nothing about the missing fur coats, sealskin sacks, silverware and other valuable Laces and Penates, but he did bewail the loss of his book of flies. The other things he could buy again, but to get together such an assortment of valuable flies seemed to him an impossible thing. He had been years collecting them, picking up odd ones here and there, until, for quality and variety, his book could not be excelled.

It was a fly storehouse, as it were. No matter where he intended fishing, or whether for trout, bass or salmon, he could always find a choice assortment to draw from with which to fill up a supplementary book.

Although it was some time ago he yet bewails the loss of that flybook. Many have been the efforts to get track of it, but all in vain. He has gone to the expense of sending to the prison in a distant city and endeavoring to prevail upon the convict to divulge the hiding place of the book, but without success. A persistent search of the pawnshops and periodical advertising have produced no better results.

There were flies in that book for trout and salmon in Irish waters, flies for the salmon and trout of the Scotch lakes and the English streams and flies for the salmon of Norway. The favorites from Maine to California and from one end of Canada to another were collected in that wallet—anything and everything, from the feather down midget with cobweb gut to the lordly salmon fly, absolutely irresistible to the lurking salmon deep down in the icy pools of the Cascapedia.

There were flies in that book on which famous bass, trout and salmon had been hooked, each fly carrying with it memories of battles fought from canoes among the rushing, swirling waters.—Forest and Stream.

MOONSHINER IN REAL LIFE.

Quite Different From His Confere as Seen on the Stage.

The Kentucky moonshiner in real life does not resemble his counterpart, described in novels and impersonated on the stage, in the least. He does not wear top boots and a slouch hat. As a rule he is too poor to possess the former and he is more apt to go barefoot or to amble along in a pair of wornout brogans than to wear top boots. His hat is usually a torn straw "Jimmy" and his clothes are yellow and faded with age. Regularly, on days when the grand jury meets in Louisville, a dozen or more of the moonshiners are presented for indictment. They present a woebegone appearance as they pass along the streets in charge of the marshal. In their own poor homes in the mountains they are hospitable, but of the stranger ever suspicious. The latter may make his bed in the one room where the entire family sleeps, but his request for a taste of liquor brings forth a statement that none is to be had this side of "the store." At the same time a still may be in operation within ten feet of his whereabouts.

"The store" represents to the mountaineer all civilization. On winter mornings he will tramp to it through cold and snow to sell a few stiff rabbits and swap yarns not overbrilliant. One of the mountaineer's chief sources of income is his honey, and this finds ready sale at "the store." The moonshiner seldom receives money in pay for his wares, but is paid in a bit of bright calico for his wife or a shoulder of bacon. If he can add to this a few pipefuls of tobacco, he is well satisfied with the results of his labors.—New York Commercial.

What Typhoid Fever Costs.

A correspondent of the Washington Post gives the following appalling typhoid statistics: Every year in the United States 400,000 people are sick with typhoid fever. Forty thousand of them die. They are sick 28 days on an average out of every 365 days. Thus we have 11,200,000 days of sickness from this disease.

Every case of this sickness means one month, generally two months, of idleness. If the wages of the patient are only 50 cents a day, there is a loss of \$15 a month. Generally this sickness means a loss of wages in two months' time of \$60 or \$80. The average loss of wages for six weeks would be \$50. Add to this the doctor's bill, which is anywhere from \$60 to \$100—we will say \$60. If the patient lives in the city and has a trained nurse for only three weeks, there is another \$45. Ten dollars for the prepared food, ice, milk, etc., brings this moderate bill up to \$165. Multiply this by the number of people sick, and we can see every year in the United States \$66,000,000 lost to patients by the inroads of this one disease.

Looking Backward.

"You must feel very happy in this lovely cottage you call your own."

"How can I when I think of my family that owned an estate of thousands of acres, with a castle and a whole regiment of servants?"

"Why, when did they lose it?"

"During the eleventh century."—Brooklyn Life.

Estimated that over 2,000,000 people are now living in the United States, and that about 1,000,000 are daily added.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains the bedclothes it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages, corrects inability to hold urine and relieves pain and other effects following use of liquor, wine or beer. It removes that unpleasant necessity of rising compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is a safe and reliable remedy. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar.

Send for sample bottle and pamphlet both sent by mail. M. K. Co., The Paris (Ky.) News and your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

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